MASTER STROKES OF CRIME DETECTION

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BY LASSITER WREN
Author (with Randle McKay)
of THE BAFFLE BOOK
AND THE SECOND
BAFFLE BOOK . .

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TO MASTERMIND, THE CRIME CLUB

You asked that the annals of crime be searched for the really brilliant strokes of crime detection. Here are twenty-odd—the pick of some thousands of cases recorded in the last hundred years, in England, France, Germany, India, Australia, Canada, and the United States.

I think you will agree that even Dupin or Sherlock Holmes would have needed luck to unravel all these that follow.

LASSITER WREN.

New York, January 1, 1929.

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MASTERSTROKES OF CRIME DETECTION

THE STRANGE ECLIPSE OF JOHN SMITH'S CANDLE

THIS is the story of John Smith, who was being tried for the willful murder of Henry Thomson. So slight was the evidence against him that the judge and the jury agreed to stop the trial and throw out the case. But John Smith would not hear of this being done, and insisted upon being allowed to call a wit-

ness to prove his innocence and clear his reputation. And upon the testimony of that witness John Smith was *convicted and executed.*

The cause of this dramatic triumph of justice was the brilliant detective work of the prosecuting attorney, done impromptu without moving from the court room—a feat of detection without parallel in the annals of crime.

John Smith was an English gentleman of considerable property, who lived on his own estate in the northern part of England. Late one summer's day a person supposed to be an entire stranger to Smith sought shelter and hospitality for the night at the latter's estate. Gentlemen rode on horses then, when traveling about England, and it was not uncommon for travelers to seek lodging at a gentleman's home.

After dinner this traveler went to bed in a spare room in John Smith's house, asking to be waked early in the morning; but when the servant appointed to the task went to his room there was no response. The servant entered

and found the man dead. From the appearance of the body it was obvious that he had been so for many hours. There was not the slightest mark of violence. The man's features were composed.

"The stranger has died in his sleep!" cried the servant, as he ran with the news to his master, John Smith. Great consternation followed, and the neighbors were soon spreading the story.

"Who is he?" people asked; and John Smith replied that he had not the remotest idea. Neither Smith, nor his housekeeper, nor the servant had ever inquired as to his identity, it seemed, and there was nothing on his person to show who he was. Mystery, both as to the stranger's name and his manner of death, veiled the entire incident. A coroner's jury was summoned. It soon dismissed the matter with a casual verdict of "Death of an unknown man by the visitation of God"; for it was not uncommon for a traveler seeking lodging to keep his identity to himself, and there was no hint

of suspicion that the man had met with foul play.

But people continued to discuss the mystery and to look at the horse in John Smith's stable yard which waited, masterless, for a claimant. The incident traveled about the inns of England and little by little stories cropped up about the past life of the respectable and worthy-appearing John Smith. The handsome Englishman was now about forty-five and had been resident on the estate for ten years; and he was generally looked up to as a prominent citizen of the region. But now came tales of John Smith's youth—of involvements in debt, of patrimonial warnings, of subsequent irregularities in business dealings, and finally broad hints of unscrupulous characteristics. The gossips went back in his youthful days and revived forgotten whispers. Where did John Smith get the money he spent so plentifully, they asked?

Two months after the death of the stranger a gentleman appeared on the scene and began

a quiet investigation. He said that his name was Thomson, that he came from London to see if his brother, who had been missing for several months, might not have been one and the same with the deceased traveler. The horse and the clothes he instantly recognized; and when the body was exhumed his suspicions were confirmed.

"It is the body of my brother, Henry Thomson, the wealthy jeweler of London," he said.

No sooner had this statement become known in the community than a dozen gossips began reporting to him on the ugly tales of John Smith's youth. The brother of Henry Thomson appealed to the magistrates of the district for an investigation, which they promptly undertook in secret because of Smith's high standing in the region, and because of the slender evidence available in the case. Certain witnesses were examined by the magistrates, and John Smith was arrested and lodged in jail.

The grand jury from whom an indictment for willful murder was sought was basking in

the august presence of Lord Mansfield, the famous English judge whose pronouncements on matters of law were followed with almost universal respect. Lord Mansfield had charged the grand jury to throw out the bill, if they entertained reasonable doubts of the sufficiency of the evidence to secure a conviction; but to bring in a true bill of indictment if they considered the evidence sufficient to warrant a trial. After a long discussion, and by a majority of only one vote, the grand jury brought in the indictment, and the public seethed with excitement in expectation of the approaching trial.

"Never shall I forget," writes an eyewitness, "the appearance of anxiety on every face as Lord Mansfield, the judge, entered the court. In an instant the most profound silence prevailed, and interest seemed to wait upon every word and look, as if divided between expectation and doubt, whether something might not even yet intervene to prevent the extraordinary trial from taking place. But nothing occurred; and the stillness was broken by the mellow and

silvery voice of Lord Mansfield: 'Let John Smith be placed at the bar!'

"The handsome and distinguished gentleman who was accused of murdering the jeweler then entered the dock. The prisoner's features were most remarkable. He was between forty and fifty years of age, with hair grown gray. The strength and uprightness of his figure, the haughty coldness of his look, the fire in his eye which spoke of passion—all appeared to give an impression of power which we associate with deeds of high and noble daring. But a second and closer examination of the remarkable prisoner was less satisfactory. There was, indeed, the intellect to conceive schemes of high importance; but I fancied that I could trace in addition the ability to conceal a dark design, a power to penetrate the motives of others, and a deep and sinister cunning. Yet such was the appeal of this man of power that when the clerk cried out the customary: 'Are you guilty, or not guilty?' and the prisoner stood up to his full height, with his chains

clanking about his legs, and said firmly: *'Not guilty!'*—my faith in him rose and I reproached myself for having thought otherwise.

"The prosecuting attorney opened his case to the jury in a manner that indicated very little expectation of a conviction. He stated that in all his long experience he had never met with a case involved in deeper mystery than the death of Henry Thomson. It would be proved, he said, that the deceased had carried upon his person, before arriving at John Smith's house, a large quantity of precious stones and gold and valuable bills of exchange —all of which had disappeared completely. Yet, in full candor, he said, it must be admitted that not the slightest portion of these valuables had been found or traced to the possession of John Smith; indeed it could not be proved that anyone in the Smith household was even aware of the existence of these riches in the pockets of the traveling jeweler.

"Moreover, the prosecuting attorney added, the prisoner at the bar was a man of respectable

station in society, a man of character, a man of substantial property, and should be assumed above the ordinary temptations to commit so foul a crime. And as for a motive of revenge or malice on the part of the prisoner, the prosecution would not attempt to prove such, he said, for so far as could be ascertained, John Smith and Henry Thomson were perfect strangers to each other.

"At this amazing deprecation of his own side of the case by the prosecuting attorney, the crowded court room stared in astonishment. Had he reached the conviction that the prisoner was innocent and must, in common conscience, be acquitted? How came it the man was indicted, if there was no evidence? But the prosecuting attorney proceeded.

"Nevertheless, he continued, there were extraordinary circumstances connected with the death of Henry Thomson which were pregnant with suspicion and imperiously demanded explanation, and it was but justice to

the accused as well as to the public that the trial go through.

"It was Henry Thomson's custom, he said, to transact his most important dealings in jewels with foreign merchants who came to England. He would go to Hull (a seaport) and meet Dutch and German diamond sellers in that city, returning to London from there by horse. It would be proved that Henry Thomson had bought a large quantity of gems from a Dutch salesman in Hull the day before he arrived at Smith's house. On his way back to London—a two- or three-day journey—he passed through the district where Smith's estate was located, and was seen to have alighted at Smith's gate. Nothing more was known, said the prosecutor, except that he was found dead in bed the next morning.

"But of the manner of his death it was now possible to speak exactly, he said. Henry Thomson had been poisoned! And it would be proved beyond doubt that he died of a mysterious and virtually unknown liquid

poison—subtle, active, sedative in nature, and scarcely noticeable without elaborate tests for its presence. The poison was supposed to be the discovery of German chemists—concocted from a powerful distillation of the seed of the wild cherry trees of the Black Forest.

"But by whom was the poison administered? the prosecutor asked—and then admitted that it would be difficult to answer the question conclusively. However, he said, it hardly could have been suicide, for no bottle or phial or container of any kind had been discovered on the scene of the death or anywhere near it. Moreover, the jeweler, it would be proved, had no motive for taking his own life at that time.

"Did John Smith administer the poison to his stranger guest? As to that, the prosecuting attorney said, the jury must judge from this slender evidence:

"The Smith household consisted only of John Smith, his housekeeper, and a manserv-

ant. The manservant slept in a wing of the stable and did so on the night of Thomson's death. The prisoner slept at one end of the house and his housekeeper at the other end, and the deceased had been lodged in a room adjoining the housekeeper's. It would be proved, by the testimony of a person who happened to pass the house at three A. M. on the night in question, that a figure holding a lighted candle passed from the prisoner's room back to the housekeeper's room and then disappeared for the space of about one minute. Whether anyone went into the room of the sleeping Thomson the witness could not see, as the window of Thomson's room looked another way; but after the minute's darkness to the witness outside two figures appeared passing along the length of the house back to John Smith's room (where the candle had originally appeared)—and in about five minutes the candle was extinguished and he saw no more. The witness had stayed to observe the passing of the light because it was

unusual for the household to be up that late, and his curiosity was aroused.

"This, the prosecuting attorney explained, was the evidence upon which the magistrates, in their secret examination, had committed John Smith; and strangely enough, since his committal to jail the housekeeper had been missing, nor could any trace of her be discovered. Within the last week the witness who had seen the moving candle had been more particularly examined. In order to refresh his memory, said the prosecutor, he had been placed at dark in the very spot where he had stood that night; and others with him, to observe what actually could be seen. The entire scene of the moving candle had then been acted out within the house in the manner originally described by the witness; and the witness's range of vision from that spot was exactly verified. While it was impossible, as he had testified, for anyone to see whether or not the light had gone into the room where Thomson had slept, the passage of a candle from one

end of the house to the other was easily discerned from the spot which the witness had occupied outside the house.

"But being placed in the same situation again, the witness claimed, reminded him of a new feature which he now insisted upon adding to his testimony. He said he distinctly remembered that on that night, after the two figures had returned to John Smith's room with the lighted candle—and before it was extinguished—the candle was *twice eclipsed*. That is, he saw some large dark object intervene between the lighted candle and the window, as if a door almost as large as the window itself had been placed before the light. This had happened twice, the witness would testify.

"However, said the prosecuting attorney, there was nothing in Smith's room which would account for such an incident. His bed was in a different part of the room. There was neither cupboard nor closet nor desk nor anything else in the room; the chamber was vir-

tually empty, the prisoner's dressing room being some distance beyond it. Altogether it seemed but one more mysterious element in the case.

"One more fact, said the prosecutor, and then the jury could hear the witnesses themselves. The prosecution would put in evidence the stopper of a small bottle which had been found in the prisoner's house—a stopper of unique character, not of English manufacture. Medical men would testify that it was of a kind used by chemists to preserve liquids which lose their power from exposure to the air. But as to whom the stopper belonged, or to what use it actually had been put, concluded the prosecutor, there was no evidence to show.

"During the delivery of the prosecutor's speech I had earnestly watched the face of John Smith, the prisoner. He listened with the deepest attention. Twice only did I observe that it produced the slightest emotion in him. When the disappearance of his housekeeper following his arrest was mentioned, a scorn-

ful smile played over his lips. When the discovery of the stopper was mentioned, he revealed a look of excitement and, I thought, of apprehension; but it quickly passed.

"The evidence for the prosecution was then formally presented. It varied in nothing from the prosecuting attorney's outline of what it would be. Finally the stopper was produced and was proved to have been found in the house of John Smith, although no attempt was made to trace it to the prisoner's possession, or even to his knowledge.

"As soon as the prosecution's case was closed Lord Mansfield turned to the prosecuting attorney and remarked that he thought there was hardly sufficient evidence to call upon the prisoner for his defense—and that if the jury were of the same opinion as he was they would at once stop the case. Whereupon the jury turned around for a moment and then indicated that they agreed with the judge on the feebleness of proof against the prisoner. The lawyers on both sides had actually folded up

their briefs, and a verdict of acquittal was on the point of being taken, when John Smith addressed the court in an indignant and masterful voice.

"'Your honor, my lord,' he said to the learned judge, 'I arise to my own defense. Having been accused of so foul a crime as murder, and having had my character assailed by suspicions of the most afflicting nature, I submit that I can never be cleared merely by an acquittal given upon the ground that the evidence against me is inconclusive. No, my lord, I have had no opportunity to state my own case, no opportunity to call a witness to counteract the impression that has been raised against me.'

"And the prisoner, in a really eloquent plea, begged so strongly to be allowed to address the jury and to call his housekeeper as witness—and was so strongly seconded by his counsel—that Lord Mansfield, though much against his inclination, and quite contrary to his usual habit, gave way and yielded to the request.

"At this the curiosity of those in the crowded

court room rose to a great height, and the prisoner was followed with breathless interest, and much sympathy as well. I shall never forget this handsome man as he stood in the dock, vibrating with passionate utterance against the insinuations which had been raised against him.

"He called upon God to witness that he had never even heard of the existence of Henry Thomson before that fatal day, and did not know of his identity until two months later, when the brother arrived. No doubt it was true, he said, that the deceased had died of poison, as the physicians had since asserted; but *he* knew nothing of the poison and had never before even heard its name. The deceased man had perhaps lost his valuables on his journey during the day, or else had been robbed of them, and had determined in the night, while brooding over his loss, to commit suicide. Was this not a reasonable explanation? The fatal drug, he pointed out, was asserted by the prosecution to be well known in Germany, though

not in England—and the jeweler admittedly had had trade relations with German and Dutch travelers, and had traveled abroad in the past; while to himself, the prisoner asserted, the drug was unknown. As for the failure of the prosecution to find a phial or bottle from which the suicide might have drained the fatal draught—he could scarcely be expected to explain that. As for the alleged finding of the stopper, he knew nothing of it. It had been 'found,' he sneered, several months after the death took place, at a time when feeling was running high against him.

" 'Not a jot of proof,' the prisoner asserted. Not a trace of the jewelry or money alleged to have been on the prisoner's person had been found; nor was any motive whatever proved for the terrible murder which, he said, had been conjured up for the minds of the jury. One fact only he said had been proved: the moving of the candle at night—and the explanation of that was obvious and simple as they would soon learn.

"It was true, said he, that he rose in the middle of the night on which the jeweler had died, and passed down the house to the room of his housekeeper. For years he had been subject to attacks of illness in the night. He had been seized with one on that occasion. He had gone with a lighted candle in his hand and had waked the housekeeper for assistance in lighting the fire in his room until he felt better. He had waited a minute or so in the passageway, after going into her room to arouse her, while she shut the door and threw on some clothes. Then she had returned with him to his room, and after staying there a few minutes, left it, inasmuch as he then felt much better and felt sure that it was not a serious attack. After she had gone he retired again to bed, and had not yet risen from it in the morning when the manservant brought him the shocking news of the death of the stranger.

"As for the disappearance of his housekeeper, she had indeed disappeared, he said. She had been purposely lodged with his own

lawyer so that none of his enemies could reach her and possibly tamper with her testimony, in an effort to fasten this false charge on him. She was at this moment under the care of his solicitor, he said, and would instantly appear to confirm the statements which he had just made.

"Such was the prisoner's address, delivered in a firm and impressive manner. It produced a most powerful effect; its simplicity and artlessness gave it the stamp of truth. The housekeeper was then brought in and put into the box and was examined by the prisoner's lawyer. According to the universal custom of the time (of excluding witnesses from court until their testimony was required) she had been kept at a house near at hand and had not heard a single word of the trial. She was an ordinary-looking woman of thirty-five, with regular but not pretty features, and an air free from embarrassment. She repeated in a very clear way the story which John Smith had told: of his frequent attacks of illness in the night, of his

arousing her upon that night, of her going to his room with him, and how she had then soon retired to her own room. She added that she slept till morning, when the manservant awoke her with news of the stranger's death.

"At this precise and simple confirmation of John Smith's story the spectators nodded approvingly. The jury looked weary, as if regretful of the delay in reaching the verdict upon which they had decided informally a half hour before. And at this point the prosecuting attorney suddenly indicated that he would avail himself of his right to cross-examine the witness.

"Now it must be borne in mind that in all the talk since the prisoner's impassioned address began there had been no word spoken of the mysterious eclipse of John Smith's candle. The prisoner had made no explanation of this nor referred to it in any way, and this unexplained occurrence had been almost universally forgotten in the excitement of the trial. Not, however, by the prosecuting attorney, in whose logical

and imaginative brain an idea of tremendous significance was stirring. He suspected that Smith had deliberately sloughed over the topic *because there was a secret closet in his room!* The opening of the door of such a closet twice would account for the eclipses of John Smith's candle; and nothing else, under all the circumstances, would account for them. To be sure the sheriff, in searching the room, had looked for such a closet but had not found it—yet it might be there!

"These were the thoughts which raced through the mind of the prosecuting attorney as he stood facing the housekeeper in the witness box, though in that crowded court room not one of us, least of all the prisoner at the bar, had the slightest inkling of his thoughts. It must be remembered that the housekeeper, who alone with Smith could have had knowledge of such a secret closet, had no way of knowing how much or how little the trial had already brought to light (since she had not been present previously)—and the prosecutor, com-

prehending this, conceived a masterly stratagem.

"After a few unimportant routine questions about her age, and the duration of her service with John Smith, which were promptly answered by the housekeeper, he asked in a casual tone and in a manner conveying stupidity and forgetfulness:

" 'During the time when you were in Mr. Smith's room that night—you stated that the candle stood on the table, in the centre of the room?'

" 'Yes, that is what I said,' the housekeeper replied.

" 'Ah! yes!' the prosecutor said, as if ashamed that he had become so muddled. 'Well—er—was the closet or the cupboard or whatever you call it, opened *once* or *twice* while the candle stood there?'

"There was a pause. No answer from the housekeeper. The prosecuting attorney seemed rather disinterested and flecked a speck off his sleeve. He never glanced at the witness.

" 'Perhaps you didn't understand me,' he said lightly. 'I will recall it to your recollection; after Mr. Smith had taken the medicine out of the closet did he *shut* the door or leave it *open?*'

"The prosecutor's heart must have been bursting within him.

" 'He *shut* it!' the housekeeper replied casually, without any change of tone.

" 'Then it was opened again, I suppose, to replace the bottle, was it?' he pursued.

" 'It was.'

" 'When open, the door would be right between the candlelight and the window, wouldn't it?'

" 'It would.'

" 'I forget whether you said the closet was on the right or left-hand side of the window.' His manner was very easy and casual now.

" 'The left.'

" 'Would the closet door make any *noise* in opening?'

" 'Not a bit.'

"'Well,' the prosecutor said dubiously, 'wouldn't it make *any* noise? Can you speak positively of this fact, *that is,* have you ever opened the closet door yourself or did you merely see Mr. Smith open it?'

"The prosecutor might have been discussing the state of the weather with a neighbor for all the concern he showed over the answers—and he had not glanced once at the witness.

"'I never opened the door of the closet,' she said.

"'Oh! you didn't keep the key, *ever?'* said the prosecutor. 'Then who did?' he added carelessly.

"'Mr. Smith, always!' the housekeeper answered.

"As she said this she happened to turn her eyes toward the prisoner. The effect was electrical! His face was the ghastliest white. The sweat stood on his brow. He was an image of living death! No sooner did she see him than she shrieked dreadfully and fainted. The consequences of her answers had flashed across

her mind. She had been so thoroughly deceived by the manner of the prosecuting attorney and by the little importance which he seemed to attach to her answers that she had been led on by one question to another till she had told him all he wished to know. John Smith's doom was written—and *he knew it.*

"In a trice the crowded court room flared with excitement. It had all happened so calmly, so quickly, that only the more intelligent had comprehended the tremendous importance of the happenings. People literally gasped with astonishment. A medical officer hastened to attend the unconscious witness, and she was removed under strong guard to another room, Lord Mansfield ordering that no one be allowed to see her except in the presence of the official physician.

"Meanwhile, the prosecuting attorney had slipped from the court room in the excitement and returned, scarcely noticed, a few minutes later. It was twelve noon, and Lord Mansfield adjourned court for several hours. The jury

was herded into a special room, and the prisoner was taken back to jail under heavy guard. The spectators, to a man, remained rooted to their places and forgot food and drink lest they should not be able to reënter and witness the end of this transfixing drama.

"It was not until nearly five o'clock in the afternoon, however, that Lord Mansfield resumed his seat upon the bench. The prisoner, John Smith, pale and stoical in appearance, took his position at the bar; and the housekeeper, now with staring eyes as if in a trance, again entered the witness box.

"Now, it was noticeable, to me at least, that the prosecuting attorney was nowhere in the court room when the court was declared in session. The further cross-examination of the witness was undertaken by assistant counsel. He addressed the witness in a steely voice that smote fear into her:

" 'Only a few more questions will be asked of you. But beware that you answer them truly, for your own life hangs on a thread.'

"The assistant counsel for the prosecution held up the stopper which had been found in John Smith's house.

" 'Do you know this stopper?'

" 'I do,' she whispered.

" 'To whom does it belong?'

" 'To Mr. Smith!'

" 'When did you see it last?'

" 'On the night of Mr. Thomson's death.'

"At this moment the side door of the court room opened wide and the prosecuting attorney entered, followed by three of the sheriff's officers. Carefully guarded by the officers of the law he strode down the aisle, bearing before him with outstretched arms a large tray, with a heap of articles on it. He approached the judge and placed the tray on the table nearest to the prisoner and the witness—and we all saw a money bag, a pocketbook, a jewel case of large size, and a small bottle. It was obviously of the same make as the stopper. The prisoner quailed violently; and from that moment not

a doubt remained in the mind of any man that the prisoner was the guiltiest of the guilty.

"The house of John Smith was but ten miles from the court room and there the prosecuting attorney and the sheriff's officers had hurried when court had been adjourned at noon. John Smith's room, in which the mysterious eclipse of the candle had taken place, was searched minutely. Nothing could be detected. It was not until the prosecuting attorney, certain of his conclusion, ordered the house wall to be torn down, that the existence of a secret cupboard was revealed. In it were found many of the jewels, gold coins, and papers of the murdered Henry Thomson, (over a thousand pounds' worth of property). And, finally, the distinctive bottle, partly filled with poison, and temporarily stoppered with an ordinary cork.

"The trial moved swiftly to a close. The property of the unfortunate Thomson was readily identified by witnesses, and to leave no room for doubt, the poison in the bottle was sworn to, by medical experts, as the identical

kind which had caused the jeweler's death. And the stopper fitted the bottle.

"John Smith, who five hours before could have walked from court a free man, crumpled under the verdict of 'Guilty!' and staggered away under the sentence of death. A short time later he died on the gallows."

HOW THEY TRACED THE TRIPLE MURDER ON THE YUKON

IT WAS Christmas morning, during the great gold rush to the Yukon in 1899. Three young prospectors had stayed over night at a roadhouse at the little town of Minto on the Yukon River. Clayson, the American, had made money and was returning to the United States. Relphe, a Canadian, who had been a

"caller off" in a Dawson dance hall, also had saved a bit. The third was Olsen, a Swede, formerly a telegraph linesman. At the latter's suggestion all had planned to take Christmas dinner that night with a friend who was constable in Hootchiku Station of the Royal Mounted Police. They bade the landlord good-bye and started over the trail by the river.

But dinner time came and no guests appeared, and the constable at Hootchiku grew somewhat perplexed. The weather was not bad. It was hardly reasonable to suppose that this trio of men, experienced in mushing through the snow, along river trails, could have been overcome by the cold or could have lost the trail. "But perhaps they never started," thought the constable, and let it go at that.

A few days later, however, following a heavy snowfall, some new arrivals from Minto brought the news that the young men had left on schedule at seven o'clock Christmas morning. The police wires throughout the region then buzzed with the inquiries of the Hootch-

iku constable; but nothing of the missing prospectors could be learned.

A week passed and still no news developed. Then one day the police at a constabulary station near the border noticed a man with horses and sleigh making a detour. Was it to avoid their quarters? Any such action arouses suspicion in the Northwest, where the police are accustomed to know the wherefores of everyone's goings and comings, so a constable went out to meet him.

The evasive traveler was a powerful man, shifty-eyed, with something of the slicker about him. The constable recognized him as O'Brien, an Irishman from Birmingham, England, who had only recently been released from jail at Dawson following a conviction on some minor count. For some months since getting out, O'Brien and a companion named Graves had been under the routine surveillance of the Mounted Police; but there had been no reason for a re-arrest. However, in view of the strange disappearance of the three prospectors on

Christmas Day, the police arrested O'Brien on suspicion. Although he stoutly denied knowing anything of their fate, he was committed to jail for six months—as a vagabond.

One thing had aroused the suspicions of the police. O'Brien had rather more money than a man might be expected to possess who had been released from jail so short a time before. Yet as the weeks passed without further developments, the suspicions of the police were almost laid to rest, especially since rumors drifted down-country that Olsen and Clayson had gone in on the new gold stampede in the Big Salmon River section. These rumors could not be verified.

It might be true, some said. What evidence was there of foul play? Or, if they were not alive, wasn't it possible that in venturing on the thin ice of the Yukon the three men had fallen in and drowned? Many travelers had passed over the snowy trail since Christmas Day and none had reported any suspicious marks in the snow. Nevertheless, there were

undercurrents of suspicion, and Constables Pennycuick and Maguire were ordered to commence a searching investigation. Thus the situation stood some six weeks after the disappearance of Olsen, Clayson, and Relphe.

Meanwhile, hundreds of gold prospectors had passed up and down the winding trail beside the frozen Yukon, and everywhere the gossip on the mystery ended up with: "Were they drowned or were they killed?" "Drowned," was the general opinion; but Constable Pennycuick thought otherwise.

Down the snowy trail went the two detectives until they came to a large bend in the river. The trail following the circuitous bank of the stream was the better trail, but mushers seeking a short cut had beaten something of a path straight across from one end of the curve to the other. There also appeared traces of a new trail—from the river bank to the cut-off —showing that someone had made the journey to and from the river at least several times. This was apparent from the disturbance of the

snow, although it appeared to be some weeks old.

Pennycuick and Maguire then scouted intensively in the region of the bend in the river, and were surprised to see, far up in the woods between the trail and the river, an old tent which was virtually concealed from travelers on the trail. This tent, the detectives noted, would be likely to command an excellent view of the river trail for several miles up river (whence gold prospectors would be returning with their money) if it were not for the forest trees in the way. And upon reaching it, the constable discovered the remarkable fact that more than a score of trees in a row, leading to the river, had been cut down. There could be only one rational explanation, Pennycuick reasoned. Whoever had lived in the tent had cut down the trees to clear a view to the river trail, so that he could see whether travelers approaching the big bend of the river kept to the river trail or took the cut-off trail as a short cut. Pennycuick examined the tree stumps

closely. With his own ax he chipped out portions of the wood and retained them for future reference.

"The ax that cut these trees," he deduced, "must have had three considerable nicks in it—two close together near the bottom and one near the top of the blade."

Constable Pennycuick and his companion then began work with tremendous energy. Brooms had been brought for this very emergency. They set to sweeping the heavy snow from the trail. As they swept, they reconstructed mentally what must have happened. The murderer had waited in the tent. Far away he had seen his victims coming. He had crawled out stealthily, ambushed the unsuspecting men in the snowy wilderness, and shot them one by one. But *three* men? Could one man have killed them all?

Pennycuick and Maguire swept on and after several hours' search, deep down under the snow, in the bottom layer (which must then

have been soft and since frozen over), they found unmistakable traces of blood.

More sweeping—then three revolver bullets. More sweeping—a bullet from a .45 rifle. All the way to the river they swept. Deep gouges and grooves were revealed in the frozen mud bank. There could be no doubt now what had happened. The murderer had dragged the bodies of his victims down to the river, then chopped a hole in the ice, and dropped them through.

The tent itself yielded nothing of immediate value as a clue, but day after day the detectives swept in the Yukon snows; day after day they uncovered evidence enabling a reconstruction of the crime. At the bottom of the deep snow near the tent were found various articles belonging to the murdered men: a pair of wire nippers which Olsen, the telegraph linesman, was accustomed to carry; some fragments of letters which, reconstructed, proved to belong to Relphe, the Canadian; and a double-bladed knife which Clayson had carried. Clothing

had been burned. Embedded in the ice which coated the ground were buttons bearing the name of an American clothing manufacturer; an odd coin that Relphe had carried as a pocket piece; a key to Clayson's safe in Seattle. Pennycuick even deduced that one of the victims had been shot through the jaw, for he found splinters of a human tooth. In fact, the peculiar formation of these splinters proved later an important piece of the circumstantial evidence gathered. Finally, an abandoned stove found in the tent, one of the detectives later ascertained, was similar to one which O'Brien had been known to possess. And those who knew O'Brien's ax said it had three flaws, as had been deduced.

Retribution is likely to come to criminals in the most unexpected form. Ironically enough, O'Brien's most faithful friend rose up out of the wilderness to condemn him. As Pennycuick and Maguire worked at their sweeping a dog emerged from the woods and trotted affectionately up to them. Now it happened that Penny-

cuick had been in Dawson when O'Brien had first been in jail, and had seen this dog while the police were taking care of it pending O'Brien's release. It was clear from the hound's actions that the tent was home to him. They watched the dog closely and observed that as he rooted around in the snow he seemed to be scenting something. In the strong sun of the succeeding days they found that small pools of frozen blood, melting beneath the snow, had attracted the animal's attention.

In spite of this mass of evidence, O'Brien protested his innocence. But he was indicted; and when spring came and the ice had melted from the river, the bodies of the three prospectors were found on sandbars in the Yukon River. The condition of the corpses suggested clearly that the men had been waylaid and shot. Identification was readily made. The splintered tooth that Pennycuick had found fitted onto a broken tooth of one of the dead men.

But was it possible, the police asked them-

selves, that O'Brien, or any one man, could have shot down three able-bodied men without aid? Many doubted it. The police were aware at this time that Graves, the pal of O'Brien, had been seen with him in the vicinity a few days before the day of the crime, but they were unable to find Graves, in spite of a careful check-up throughout the entire Yukon. What then had happened to Graves? As to this, also, O'Brien insisted he knew nothing; but the answer to that riddle came some time later when, deep in the snow some twelve miles from the spot marking the crime by the river, the bones of a man were found. Through the middle of one bone was a clean-drilled bullet hole. Graves, the detectives believed, had been a participant in the crime and had been killed by the ruthless O'Brien either because he "knew too much" or because O'Brien did not relish dividing the loot with him.

The reconstruction of this bloodiest of crimes in the Yukon was made at the trial a year later, at which O'Brien was found guilty

of the murder of Clayson, Olsen, and Relphe. O'Brien and Graves, armed with rifles and revolvers, the detectives showed, had pitched their tent in the brush more than a mile north of the beginning of the bend in the river. By cutting down trees they were able to command a view of approaching travelers. Robbery, of course, was the motive. Olsen, Clayson, and Relphe arrived at the bend of the river less than three hours after they had left the road-house at Minto. The desperadoes watched the unsuspecting men swerve to the river trail, that is, avoiding the short cut. O'Brien probably sent Graves on over to the river trail to intercept them, he himself hiding behind the bushes to assist in the slaughter from the rear.

Suddenly, without warning, the two murderers blazed away. Their shots brought down one man. The other two fled. They were pursued over the snow. Many shots must have been fired, for a number of the trees in the vicinity were found notched and skinned by flying bullets. Olsen, it is believed, almost escaped at

one time, but he was overtaken, badly wounded, only a few feet from the river, and there beaten to death. Relphe was killed in flight.

The two men with the blood of three on their hands then hurried to the work of robbery. The bodies were frisked, their precious money belts set aside. There were no witnesses to the horrible disposal of the bodies but, because of the minute and painstaking observation and deductions of the detectives, it was possible to diagram the various occurrences at the scene to a nicety. The bodies were dropped under the ice of the Yukon.

Then, leaving the river and returning to the tent, O'Brien and Graves set about their work of burning the telltale clothing. Perhaps one or the other of them was impatient to be off, or perhaps they quarreled over the division of the plunder. Or, as is more likely, both were anxious to flee from the scene, feeling that they could count with certainty upon the snow blanketing the evidence which remained, for they knew that there would be frequent snows

until spring. As for the dog, he was abandoned in their haste; he was not wanted.

Did O'Brien shoot down Graves and sledge his corpse twelve miles away, or did he lull his partner in crime into security by a few hours' journey together and then kill him? It has never been determined. But of O'Brien's guilt in the slaughter of the three gold prospectors there was no doubt in the minds of the jury. He was convicted and hanged. And human life was safer in the Yukon by reason of this brilliant individual detective work, supported by an efficient police organization.

THE BLACK TRACKERS OF AUSTRALIA: MASTER DETECTIVES

THE Mounted Police of Australia, like the Northwest Royal Mounted of Canada, must preserve order and detect crime throughout huge areas of territory with comparatively a handful of men. Yet of the two, the Australian police, a half century ago, were

confronted with the more difficult task, since they had often to cope with the mercurial temperament of the savage aborigines; for out of the vast interior of the continent numerous bands of blacks were continually drifting. They fought among themselves; they speared struggling settlers in the outlying districts; they often murdered to get a set of harness. Cattle-duffing, or cattle stealing, was second nature with them.

The very nature of the country demands ingenious methods of crime detection if the pursuit of the criminals is to be carried on successfully. The black tracker, or native tracker, therefore, has long since come to be one of the chief instruments of detection in Australian crime in the regions outside of the few heavily populated cities. The aboriginals, with their marvelous sight and sense of smell, are far more effective than bloodhounds in tracking criminals.

These natural detectives have acquired their art through heredity and childhood training.

For centuries the blacks of Australia had been compelled to struggle for existence in a land where food was not plentiful. To hunt successfully the swift-footed kangaroo, the wallaby, the emu, demands a keen detective sense. From childhood the blacks are required to distinguish between the footprints of wombats, wallabies, and opossums, or tell how many hours have elapsed since the kangaroo fled down the slope. Games in which animals and birds are the principal figures are given the children to play. Even the girls are taken on tracking parties into the bush and there initiated by their elders into the subtleties of the spoor.

A white detective may see nothing on the road, meadow, or mountain side, but to the Australian tracker the story of the criminal's flight is written in terms of faint footprints, broken twigs, the sprinkling of a few grains of sand, or a turned-over leaf. From the hoofprints of a horse or cow he deduces the size of the animal, the time elapsed since the track was

made, to say nothing of the course taken. One tracker correctly deduced from footprints that the man he was following was knock-kneed. Following the footprints of a man who had taken off his shoes and was walking in stockinged feet, another tracker stated that his quarry had rapped his toe on a rock and thereafter walked lame for some distance. He had found a tiny bit of fluff from the stocking clinging to a stone in the road. This deduction was later verified by the fugitive himself.

Strange to say, the black tracker rides on horseback as he follows the trail of the criminal, though how he can observe the minutiæ of the trail from a position so high above the ground is hard to understand. However, he dismounts when the trail becomes confused. At such times he will scramble down and examine the track closely, looking at it from many different angles. Thus, for literally hundreds of miles, criminals have been tracked. When in pursuit the trackers work with a terrific concentration. They do not talk and apparently are

oblivious to everything except the trail before them.

One fine October night in the year 1886 Jock McAlister, a Scotch shepherd in a remote section of the Kimberley district in Australia, heard the tinkling of a bell. He recognized it as the kind of bell worn on the bridle of a horse in those parts, and to the lonely Scotchman it betokened the presence of travelers in the gully near by. The passing of shepherds and gold prospectors was infrequent in those lonely hills, and McAlister determined to investigate early the following morning.

At break of dawn he rode down to the gully. Underneath a huge tree he observed signs that a camp had been pitched the night before. The approach and departure of several horses were obvious from tracks in the damp ground, but nowhere were any human beings to be seen. Being of an inquisitive turn of mind, McAlister was walking to and fro over the campsite, wishing that he had got there earlier,

when his left foot suddenly sank into some soft ground.

"Strange!" he thought. "This particular spot is much softer than anywhere else around the camp. Perhaps they have cached grub here." He dug down into the soft spot of ground, and the farther down he dug, the faster his arms flew and the more interested he became; for the edge of a furry mat struck his eye. Wrenching it from the earth, he disclosed a valuable opossum rug. After uncovering some three feet of earth, he started back in amazement. Protruding upright from the soft earth was the ghastly spectacle of a naked human foot.

Without waiting to disinter the entire body, the Scotchman covered the grave over and rode hastily off on a long journey to summon the police. Within a few minutes of his arrival at the station several of the Mounted Police were ready to accompany him back. They hurried back with him. The grave was completely dug up, and the body was identified by certain cards found upon it as that of Anthony John-

son, a gold prospector of Scandinavian origin. His head had been battered in with terrific blows.

It did not need a black tracker to tell the police that at least two men had ridden up to the campsite under the big tree the night before. And from the indication of the hoofprints, two horses had departed. It was hardly likely that bushrangers had been operating in the vicinity, or, if they had, that they would have slain the man in this way. Nor did it seem like the work of roving natives, who would have been more likely to spear the victim. It was more reasonable to suppose, the police believed, that two partners in gold prospecting had quarreled; and inquiries were immediately set afoot regarding Johnson's antecedents. It developed that Johnson had been traveling up and down the country for some time with another gold prospector, Frank Hornig, a man of German extraction—one who had had little success in the gold regions.

The ground around the spot in the gully was

then searched for other evidence. Johnson's boots were retrieved from the bush a short way off. Other articles of clothing had been burned. And the opossum rug, which possibly the murderer considered too conspicuous a piece of loot to carry with him, had been buried with the body of the vicitm.

No time was to be lost. It was now perhaps twenty hours since the murder had taken place, and somewhere over the Australian bush, the police knew, the murderer was riding desperately to escape from the scene of his crime. Means of telegraphic communication were few and far between in those days in Australia, and pursuit of the criminal was a matter of actual, visible trailing. It was preëminently a case for a black tracker, and fortunately one of the best trackers in the employ of the police was available.

With that uncanny, animal-like precision in pursuit, the tracker circled around the camp, noting the distinctive features of the footprints

of Johnson and Hornig, and the hoofprints of each of their horses. Then, these characteristics stamped firmly in his mind, he followed the track—through the bush, over hills, and into valleys. Here the fugitive had stopped for water; now he had cooked his evening meal, and now breakfast; here he had slept; here he had cut wood; here his horses had grazed and strayed. Reading the trail as if it were a book, the black tracker led the police for three days' hard riding until, on a road westward, two men were seen. The black tracker soon pointed one out as Hornig, and the Mounted Police closed in.

Nothing was said to Hornig of all the evidence which had been uncovered at the scene of the crime. He was merely arrested on suspicion, they told him. Hornig protested that Johnson had gone away alone three days before, after "a slight difference in opinion" between them. The troopers nodded their heads and said nothing as they started on their 200-mile journey to the nearest jail. Hornig ap-

peared unconcerned, but the police ignored him completely.

But the next day one of the packhorses of the police started to bolt, and the fastenings of its pack slipped. Out tumbled the tell-tale opossum rug. Hornig paled and almost collapsed. Knowing that the game was up, he attempted to commit suicide. He was rescued, however, brought to trial, and was hanged a short time later for the robbery and murder of his former partner.

Another famous achievement of the black trackers of Australia attended the capture of the notorious Harry Power.

Harry Power was a bushranger, one of the most romantic of those hard-riding bandits who caused the Australian Mounted Police so much trouble some years ago. He began as a horse thief in Victoria, and soon became an adept at cattle-duffing, at robbery, and road holdups. On one occasion he held up, single-handed, some thirty persons, and forced them

to empty their pockets. He had long been sought by the Mounted Police, but had always eluded them. It was Power's boast that he never confided in man or woman. He dashed from one place to another on his criminal raids, and turned up in the most unexpected places in the extensive territories of Victoria and New South Wales. But at least Power did confide his whereabouts to certain young boys, and depended upon them for warnings whenever troops of Mounted Police got on his trail. The climax of his career came after many months of audacious exploits which drove the Mounted Police almost out of their wits. Finally, Police Superintendent Hare was summoned to police headquarters.

"Get Power, the bushranger," the chief commissioner ordered Hare. "Take your best native tracker and any other men you want. Take any steps you want, but get him!"

The man hunt was soon on in dead earnest, for Hare knew that with such instructions he must take the bushranger dead or alive, or

confess himself beaten—and Hare was not yet ready to do that. But the assignment presented immense difficulties. The bushranger might be hiding in any one of a thousand places. The Mounted Police might ride Victoria for a year and never come hot upon his trail. Moreover, Power was a magnificent rider.

One of the youngsters who aided Power was Ned Kelly, a daring young criminal who later became an even more illustrious bushranger than Power himself. Young Kelly was one of a long row of "bush telegraphs," or warning messengers, by whose help Power kept himself apprised of the movements of the trooper police. It was not uncommon for notorious bushrangers of that day to have scores of "bush telegraph" stations—that is, friendly houses in the countryside which could be depended upon to dispatch a "telegram,"—post a messenger—to the next friendly link in the "telegraph system," which would in turn relay the warning to the bushranger. The bushranger himself might be a hundred miles away, hid-

den in the fastnesses of a remote ravine, thirty or forty miles from any settlement.

Superintendent Hare was joined by Superintendent Nicolson, and the two, with a trooper sergeant and a crack Australian native black tracker called Donald, planned their campaign. They set about locating a weak link in the bushranger's "telegraph system," and after some trouble managed to find a man who yielded to the persuasion of a large reward and pledged himself to put them on Power's trail, although by so doing the betrayer put himself in jeopardy of swift death, for Power was remorseless.

With the black tracker, Donald, in the lead, the pursuers came at length to a deep ravine in the mountains at the head of a large river. The betrayer informed them that this was the terminus of the bush telegraph system, the last "station" being the house of one Quinn.

It was reliably reported to the detectives that Quinn was accustomed to warn Power of any suspicion of danger through a system of

signals made by cracks of a stock-whip. Quinn's elaborate precautions also included the loosing of dogs at night. These prowled around the house near the entrance to the ravine, and gave immediate warning by barking at the approach of any stranger. But the most original sentinel posted was Powers's pet peacock, which had been trained to roost all night long on an overhanging rock at the entrance to the ravine and scream with its piercing note at the approach of any human figure.

Aware of these stratagems, the detectives patiently sat down and waited for a stormy night, and at length a wild night came. Guided by Power's betrayer, the black tracker, the detectives, and the trooper made their way quietly through the bush. The whole countryside was roaring and singing with fierce gusts of wind and downpours of rain. The iron persistency of the pursuers was greater than the patience of the animals and the sentinel bird, for at the height of the terrific storm the hounds and the peacock fled to shelter, and the little

group of detectives, half frozen, soaked to the skin, slipped through into the secluded ravine where the desperado was hiding. The actual capture is vividly described by Superintendent Nicolson thus:

"We proceeded along the base of the range, looking upward for Power's camp fire, but without catching the faintest glimpse of it. Then our guide, who had for some time been showing signs of succumbing to cold, fatigue, and terror, suddenly collapsed. He declared himself unable to proceed one step farther, and equally unable to recognize the hill on which was situated the outlaw's lair. We also were then suffering from cold, fatigue, and want of food, and the night was still very dark and wet. I therefore proposed that all the party except myself should lie down and rest, and I undertook to watch, and to awaken them at daybreak.

"They lay down on the ground and after a short sleep I roused them. We resumed our search, silently and carefully scanning the shallow gullies on the side of the range from

there upward to where the gullies ended at the crest. The range was clothed lightly with timber and scrub toward the top boulders, and rock cropped up, whereas at the bottom, among the finer soil, were some very large trees.

"I was looking among these latter for a hollow tree stump which had been described to me as 'Power's Matchbox' by one of his former confidants. At last my attention was attracted by the stump of a large tree. The small branches and leaves apparently sprouting from it *were brown,* withered, and dead, offering a striking contrast to those of the other stumps which were alive and green! Springing toward it I found the withered branches came away in my hands, disclosing peepholes cut in the hollow trunk, which they had served to mask. Inside was some dried grass strewn on the floor, but no bed.

"At this time the black tracker, who had been keeping near me, recognizing that I had made a discovery, came toward me and looked at the tree. Without speaking, I glanced back

at the old guide, who was feebly following us, and then I pointed to the stump. He silently signalled an affirmative gesture, and disappeared. I never saw him again.

"It was now daylight, and the mist was rolling up the hills, rendering it almost impossible to distinguish it from smoke. Nevertheless, the black tracker, *after one look*, pointed straight up the gully, and, with dilated eyes and nostrils, uttered in a suppressed tone: ' 'Moke! 'Moke!' Hare and the sergeant were at that time exploring a short distance off. I attracted their attention by a low hissing whistle, but, knowing that there was not an instant to be lost, as Power might wake up at any moment, I did not wait for them, but commenced running up the gully. Hare and the sergeant followed, making a short diagonal cut to get on my line.

"As I ascended, a defined track became plain, and I then observed some distance above me a thin column of smoke rising among some boulders. A little more, and a few yards to the left of the line I was following, the small fire

and a few cooking utensils around it appeared in view, close to a large boulder; and straight before me what might have been taken for a small thicket of leafy green scrub. But the straightness of one or two of its outlines, as well as a foot in a clean worsted stocking projecting from the end next to the fire, betrayed its artificial character. These were on a small plateau or shelf on the side of the range.

"With a twist of my shoulders as I ran, I got rid of my loose pea-jacket, which was soaked and heavy with rain, and quickened my pace. The thicket was broadside to me, its entrance and the foot faced the fire. Apprehensive lest the owner of the foot should escape either by the rear or far side, I waved my right arm to Hare and the sergeant, who were still behind and below me, to go around, while I made a dash at the entrance. Throwing myself into the *gunyah* upon the prostrate body of the occupant, I seized and held him securely by the wrists until the superintendent and the sergeant arrived. With one simultaneous heave we

swung our prisoner outside, and then the sergeant quietly handcuffed him. It was Power. At last he was caught."

Power served a fifteen-year sentence for robbery, reformed, and never again took to bush-ranging.

THE MAN WHO MURDERED PAPA DÉSIRÉ

PARIS was again in the throes of a murder mystery, and a grim one. During the Christmas and New Year's celebrations merry-makers were repeatedly shocked at police reports of finding bits of human remains—some floating in the Seine, some wrapped in packages and disposed of in various parts of the

city. None of the gruesome discoveries bore any clue to the identity of the victim, and the head had not been found. A proprietor of a riverside laundry related that on the 19th of December he had seen a man throwing into the river handfuls of scraps of meat. Questioned, the man had said boldly: "I am a keen fisherman. To-morrow is a holiday and I am baiting the river for a big day's sport!"

The laundryman could say only that the eager fisherman was short and wore a long coat and a tall hat. Paris shivered and wondered.

When Lampon, proprietor of a small restaurant in the Rue Princesse, then drew from his well a package containing a human leg, he ran with his tale of horror to police officer Ringué, a friend of his. Whereupon Ringué wished he had detained a man whom he remembered meeting late at night on December 22 near the Rue Princesse. He had indeed stopped and questioned him, for the man was carrying a large parcel in one hand and a hamper in the other, and there had recently been robberies in

the neighborhood. The answer had been straightforward: "I have just arrived by train from Nantes, and, being unable to find a cab at the station at this hour, I am obliged to carry home my luggage myself. The packages contain several fine hams. You may see here on the parcels the label of the railroad company."

Verifying the presence of the railway label, Ringué had accepted the explanation and allowed the wayfarer to continue on his way. He had said he lived in the Rue Princesse. Of course, the stranger might had been telling the truth—but Ringué now recalled that the man had been short, wearing a long coat and a tall hat.

Ringué ran in great haste to the police commissioner of the quarter, with the news of the discovery in Lampon's well. The young commissioner, M. Gustave Macé, went at once to the Rue Princesse and made a thorough examination of the package and the well. Lampon had pulled the package up with a large iron hook, with the result that it had been con-

siderably damaged. It yielded no clues, but M. Macé was more fortunate in his investigation of the well; it gave up another package which contained a leg, without doubt the mate of the first discovered.

The wrappings of this second package were extremely interesting to M. Macé. An inner wrapper made of part of a trouser-leg of iron-gray cloth was covered by a piece of glazed black calico, a yard square, simply knotted at each end and the middle sewn up with black thread. The limb was covered by a long cotton stocking, drab in color. Hanging to the lower part of the stocking was a fragment of a short sock which had been stitched over it. On this sock M. Macé was elated to find his first clue to the victim's identity—the initial "B," stitched in red cotton with a small cross on either side, thus: +B+

A very slender clue, but a clue. The long stocking seemed the only possible indication of the sex of the victim. Perhaps influenced by this stocking, the examining doctors pro-

nounced the legs those of a woman, and added that the dismemberment had been neatly but unprofessionally accomplished, with the aid of a butcher knife. The well was emptied, but nothing else was found.

While Parisians wondered who the unfortunate victim could be M. Macé threw himself into his difficult task with all the ardor and amazing skill and patience which were soon to bring him world-wide fame as a detective. Acting on the doctor's decision that the legs were those of a woman, he painstakingly investigated every case of women reported missing for the previous six months—*eighty-four in number.* From these choosing fourteen as most likely, he finally reduced them to three. And then all three were proved to be alive and well.

But just as M. Macé came to this discouraging blank wall Dr. Tardieu, the great French physician, examined the remains and pronounced an unhesitating verdict that a grave error had been made by the original medical

examiners. It was a man's body, he said. The opinion of the great doctor, accepted as final in all cases of this kind, was corroborated by the aged chief attendant at the morgue, who also insisted that the police were off on the wrong trail. Dr. Tardieu said:

"These remains are those of a man advanced in years. My colleagues who stated otherwise were in error, why I cannot say. The feet are larger than those of a woman. The dismemberment has been done skillfully by a cleaver or chopper. The cuts were made soon after death. There has been a considerable effusion of blood. I observe also that there is a clearly marked scar on one leg, only recently healed. But without the head it will not be easy to establish the identity, and the murderer appears to have taken good care to conceal that most important piece of evidence."

The clues to the identity of the murdered were thus few enough, and those to the murderer even less, but M. Macé, in his examination of the black calico package taken from

Lampon's well, had come to certain conclusions regarding the man who had made it. He knew that black glazed calico of that particular kind was used extensively by tailors, and the knotted ends and black cotton stitching, in his opinion, pointed in the same direction. Inquiry at the house in the Rue Princesse developed that no tailors lived there. Moreover, all the occupants were known as reputable persons.

However, the old woman who acted as concierge said that it was easy for anyone to get in at any time, provided he knew of the existence of a push button in the wall which worked a spring latch and opened the door. With this information M. Macé inclined to the opinion that the murderer was not a resident of the house but someone who had formerly lived or visited there, who knew of the push button and thus obtained access to the well. Certainly it would not seem likely that a resident would poison his own well in such a manner, or risk the discovery being made so near to him.

M. Macé led the garrulous old concierge on

to talk of lodgers, past and present. Finally he was rewarded by hearing of a Mademoiselle Dard who had formerly lived in the house and had worked as a seamstress. He asked eagerly if the concierge knew where the young woman had gone and learned that she no longer worked as seamstress for the tailors, but had gone on the variety stage and was singing at café concerts.

"For what tailors did she work?" asked M. Macé.

"Oh! For half a dozen people. They used to bring the things to her. One man in particular came often, and I had fine work with him spilling the water on my stairs!"

"Water? What water?" asked M. Macé blandly.

"The water he carried up from the well for her."

This fitted in so nicely with M. Macé's theory that he hastened to find out more about Mlle Dard and her tailor. A chemist on the opposite side of the street recalled that the tailor's

Christian name was Pierre, but he did not know his last name. He said that "Pierre" often brought white waistcoats to be made by Mlle Dard, and believed he lived in the Rue Mazarin.

Mlle Dard was hunted up and brought to M. Macé for questioning. She was a pretty, bright-looking little thing, with a turned-up nose and merry eyes. She spoke in a straightforward manner and answered questions intelligently, giving the names of a half dozen employers for whom she had worked as tailoress.

"And which one was it who carried up water for you from the well?" asked M. Macé.

"That was Monsieur Voirbo."

"Where does he live?"

"He used to live in the Rue Mazarin; then he got married and moved—I don't know where."

"What did you know of him? Was he well off? How did he live?"

"He never worked much, yet always seemed to have money, played cards, drank, frequented

cafés. I believe he was mixed up in politics somehow, for he spoke at public meetings."

"Had he any relations or friends?"

"Regarding the first I cannot say. I know he had one particular friend, an ordinary-looking little old man. They often came to the Café Beulgant together. Voirbo called him by his Christian name—*Désiré,* or Papa Désiré, I think he used to call him."

"When did you see this Papa Désiré last? Was it with Voirbo or without him?"

"A couple of months ago, at the café, with Voirbo. At that time Papa Désiré's aunt was with them. She is a bandage maker, I believe, and lives in the Rue de Nesles. She goes by the name of—yes—Madame Bodasse."

Madame Bodasse, fetched by a special messenger, proved to be a respectable old woman who was quite willing to talk. Yes, Désiré was her nephew—Désiré Bodasse—and lived in the Rue Dauphine. He had been a tapestry worker and had saved money, and now lived

on his means, but he was eccentric and a miser. She had not seen him for a month.

Asked if she were not anxious about him, she replied:

"Oh, no. He has often disappeared for weeks. Sometimes he shuts himself up in his place for days and days. Once he was a patient in a hospital for six weeks under a false name and address. That was to avoid paying for his keep."

"Is he married?"

"Yes, but he does not live with his wife. They quarreled years ago and she went back to her people in the country."

"Were you and Désiré good friends?"

"Oh, yes, perfectly. He took me out to cafés and concerts sometimes. Sunday, the 13th of December, was the last time—Désiré and I and Pierre Voirbo, his friend. He took me home afterward and I have not seen him since."

"This Voirbo—describe him, please."

Her reply brought to M. Macé hope that he was on the right trail: "He was short," she said;

"and generally wore a long overcoat and a tall hat."

M. Macé at once took Mme Bodasse to the morgue, where the long stocking with the sock attached, and the fragments of iron-gray trousers, were placed before her. She immediately and unhesitatingly identified them as belonging to her nephew Désiré Bodasse. She testified that she herself had marked the socks with the red "B" between two crosses, and because Désiré liked to wear long stockings to keep him warm but found it hard to get any with large enough feet, she had stitched a sock to each stocking top. Mme Bodasse also remembered that her nephew had fallen on the jagged edge of a broken bottle and cut his leg severely. This would account for the scar on the leg, mentioned by Dr. Tardieu.

M. Macé was now certain of the identity of the victim, and almost as certain that he knew who had committed the murder. But a visit to No. 50 Rue Dauphin, where Bordasse had his apartment, proved disappointing. After

pounding on the door of the apartment and getting no reply (which, of course, was what he expected), M. Macé went downstairs to question the concierge. To his amazement, both the concierge and his wife said that Bordasse was in his apartment. Only the night before, they said, they had noticed a light and a shadow crossing the window. The old man, they said, often locked himself in his room for weeks at a time, and at such times would not even open the door to receive mail. If a letter came it was poked under his door. Besides, the concierge's wife believed that she had seen him in the street that very morning—he had stopped to speak to someone at the entrance of the Passage du Commerce, she said.

M. Macé was sorely puzzled, and, to make matters worse, Mme Bodasse now wavered in her belief that the stocking and trouser-leg in the morgue belonged to her nephew. For, she said, if there had been lights in Désiré's room and if someone had seen him in the street, she believed she must have been mistaken in her

identification. In view of her lack of certainty, M. Macé did not feel justified in forcing entry to the apartment, so he left a letter to be slipped under the door.

In the meantime the commissioner visited the old address of Voirbo, the tailor, in the Rue Mazarin. This Voirbo seemed very unpopular with his old neighbors, though they said they believed he had given up his habits of dissipation now that he was married to a wife with a good dowry. The newlyweds lived in the Rue Lamartine. Voirbo's old servant was interviewed. She had been employed by him to clean his apartment. She knew all about him. Moreover, she was acquainted with Papa Désiré Bodasse. She testified that the two were inseparable friends and she wondered at the fact that Bodasse had not been present at Voirbo's wedding. Indeed, the tailor himself had appeared hurt at this neglect, she said, and had remarked that "it was a fine time for the old fool to decide to go off on a long journey." He had wished Papa Désiré to be his principal witness at the

wedding, he had told her. But, continued the servant, for all that they were such good friends, there were sometimes differences between them, growing out of the extreme stinginess of Bodasse. He had firmly refused to lend Voirbo ten thousand francs toward his marriage, though the latter had begged him to do so.

M. Macé smiled grimly to himself and hastened to the concierge of Papa Désiré's apartment house. Here he learned that the letter which he had poked under the door of the recluse's room was undisturbed. He decided to enter.

The place was in perfect order, but a layer of dust was on the furniture. The bed was made and had not been slept in. In one corner stood Papa Désiré's favorite walking stick. A large silver watch and chain hung from a nail on the wall, and the only hat which the recluse was known to possess (a tall "stovepipe") stood in its place. No one had ever seen him without these "inseparables."

On the mantelpiece stood two cardboard boxes of a kind in which eight candles are customarily sold. One box was empty; the other contained a single candle. Two tall copper candlesticks each contained a candle-end, almost consumed, and there were layers of wax below, as though many candles had been burned, one after the other, without removing the wax remaining from each. Below the mantel, in front of the fireplace, were seventeen lucifer matches; fifteen were partially burned and two had missed fire. It was plain that fifteen candles had been burned, for here was a burned match for each candle missing from the two boxes. The candle left in the box would burn for about three hours, and the concierge said that he had noticed the light from eight to eleven o'clock in the evening. Moreover, he had noticed it just about fifteen times in the previous six weeks.

The clock in one corner was ticking regularly. It was a cuckoo clock in a wooden case, but the cuckoo and alarm had been removed.

Artful touches, these—someone was impersonating Désiré Bodasse. Did someone think it necessary to assure the neighbors of his presence in his apartment? M. Macé asked himself.

Now, Papa Désiré had confided to Mme Bodasse, his niece, the location of his strong-box, hidden in a secret compartment of an old bureau. He had instructed her: "If anything happens to me you will find all my papers and valuables in there. I keep them in an old green pocketbook." But this secret drawer was empty. Bodasse was well-to-do and, like many Frenchmen of the period, he preferred to keep his fortune under his own roof rather than intrust it to a bank.

M. Macé hunted everywhere for some clue to the former contents of the strong-box. At last, inside the case of the large silver watch, he came upon a slip of paper bearing a list of numbers of Italian securities. These securities were "payable to bearer."

M. Macé was now almost certain that Voirbo, the tailor, was the man who had mur-

dered Papa Désiré and that he was cleverly attempting to stave off any investigation into the disappearance of the old man, or examination of his apartment. But more definite proofs were needed. To obtain these, M. Macé planned to hide several of his men in the apartment with instructions to arrest anyone who entered. Through a clerical error they were not told, however, that Voirbo was the man wanted, which lack of information on their part led to an unexpected complication in the plans for capture. For it developed that Voirbo was a minor spy of the secret political police and, as such, the policemen accepted his presence with perfect trust and even told him of the plans to catch the murderer! Well posted, therefore, Voirbo was wary and desperate, and had to be handled with extreme care.

While the underlings were engaged unconsciously in ruining M. Macé's plans the commissioner himself had been industriously gathering further damning evidence. Mme

Bodasse had last seen her nephew on December 13th; in fact, she had written on that date, in a letter to a friend: "Désiré has just left me." He had told her he was on the way to see his optician. The optician was found. He testified that Bodasse had visited his shop on the 13th, accompanied by a younger man. This younger man had also been with him at his customary restaurant, according to other testimony given, and had accompanied him to the Peacock Baths, too.

An especially suspicious piece of information was volunteered by Voirbo's old servant. Arriving to clean his apartment on the morning of December 17th, she had found Voirbo already up and dressed, and his room thoroughly cleaned and set to rights. He had even washed up the tiled floor, she said, for in places the tiles were still wet. She had been greatly astonished, for she knew the tailor as a lazy fellow who never troubled to clean his own room. He explained that an old lady had come with a pair of trousers for him to mend and,

while there, had dropped a large bottle of kerosene which she was carrying. The smell, he said, had been so disagreeable that he could not stand it and had gone to spend the night with Papa Désiré, returning early in the morning to clean up the floor.

Still more damning, if possible, was another fact that the indefatigable M. Macé dug up. About to move from his old address in the Rue Mazarin, Voirbo had paid his rent from a 500-franc share of Italian stock, which the landlord had cashed for him at a money changer's at the corner. At the shop of the money changer the counterfoil of the share was produced. The number corresponded with one of the numbers on the list found in the watch case of Papa Désiré.

All this valuable evidence, however, failed to console M. Macé for the failure of his men. To clinch the case, another plan must be put into execution. He determined to work with Voirbo himself, for according to French methods it is permissible for the police to cross-

examine a suspect and to lay cunning traps for him in the hope that he will inadvertently supply the evidence desired against himself. Therefore, Voirbo was politely summoned to pay a visit to the commissioner's office.

He arrived—a short, very stout young man of thirty, with a large nose, brown eyes, black hair and mustachios, small ears, and large strong hands with thick fingers. It was M. Macé's first sight of the villain who had caused him such gruelling work. The man's bearing was calm; his answers were prompt, precise, and unhesitating.

The tailor boldly claimed great anxiety over the fate of his old friend Papa Désiré. He explained that he was himself a member of the secret political police, and said he had gone to his own chief to offer his services in fathoming the mystery. He had the effrontery to add that he had thought of consulting with M. Macé, but had understood that the case was soon to be taken out of his hands on account of his youth and inexperience! In the grand man-

ner he offered his assistance. And M. Macé, with magnificent acting, became duly impressed and accepted the proffer.

So, hunter and hunted, police commissioner and the suspected murderer, "worked together," meeting frequently. But Voirbo was too cunning to give himself away. He was always on his guard, always resourceful, and almost too "helpful." His help consisted of a bold and clever attempt to throw suspicion on another man—a butcher named Rifer, who had been a crony of Papa Désiré. Rifer was a gambler and drunkard, a frequenter of low cafés and dives. Voirbo introduced M. Macé to such a haunt, pointed out Rifer, and intimated that "he could tell a good deal if he would."

Rifer and two companions were checked up by Macé and were found to have been often in the company of Papa Désiré. They were questioned but they answered everything and displayed no anxiety whatever. All but Rifer were found to have been in prison at the

time of the disappearance of Papa Désiré. Nevertheless, all were watched.

In the meantime Voirbo had taken Rifer in hand and was doing his best to see that the unfortunate man drank himself to death in short order. Soon he was in the throes of delirium tremens and in a fit of madness began smashing his furniture with an ax and throwing the pieces out of the window. Passing policemen arrested him and took him to the station. He was then sent to an asylum, and died the same night.

The news of his death came to Voirbo, and in his eagerness to see how matters now lay, the tailor rushed to the office of the commissioner. M. Macé sat at his desk. As Voirbo poured forth on the "manifest guilt of the deceased Rifer," the commissioner, under pretense of writing an urgent letter, scribbled instructions to his secretary for the surrounding of the murderer.

As Voirbo discoursed, all exits were quietly closed and locked. An office messenger entered

the room, made up the fire, and withdrew, unobtrusively carrying with him the heavy fire-irons. The secretary entered with a letter to be signed, and placed himself in readiness to guard the window. Two policemen outside awaited the signal from M. Macé. And Voirbo talked on, his views artfully encouraged by the commissioner at the desk.

Was it not clear, said the tailor, that others besides Rifer shared the guilt for the murder? See! he had an address he wished to give M. Macé—but in extracting the address from his pocketbook, Voirbo dropped a card. With great politeness M. Macé immediately picked it up and returned it to him, noting as he did so that it bore the name of a steamship company with offices in Paris. The arrest had been decided upon none too soon.

The stage was now set. M. Macé struck a gong. Voirbo was surrounded. He shuddered slightly and surrendered, for his captors were four to one. When searched, his pocketbook yielded a receipt for a steamship passage. He

had booked under a false name and on a false passport. He was to have started that afternoon for Havre.

Before the *juge d'instruction* Voirbo was defiant. He refused to answer any questions. He refused indignantly to be photographed, declaring that he would make such faces it would be impossible to photograph him. The commissioner ordered that he be guarded well, and departed to find certain missing links in the case.

Arriving at the address where M. and Mme Voirbo had lived since their marriage, he interviewed the tailor's wife. She was the orphan daughter of a wealthy tailor and had brought Voirbo as her dowry the considerable sum of fifteen thousand francs in French securities.

She contrasted strangely with her plump, sly husband—she was pale, delicate, and pious. At the time she met Voirbo she had been about to enter a convent and take the veil. She had been completely deceived by the man and M.

Macé pitied her. He disliked to cause her suffering, but she had to know the truth. Obtaining permission from the unfortunate wife, he forced the lock of the strong-box where the French securities (payable to bearer) which she had brought Voirbo were kept. The box was empty. Mme Voirbo said the box had also contained Italian securities worth 10,000 francs which had been her husband's contribution to the marriage.

No securities had been found in Voirbo's possession when he was searched at police headquarters, so M. Macé immediately made a careful search of the premises. The securities could not be found, but some interesting objects came to light. The implements in Voirbo's workshop included several deadly weapons—two pairs of huge shears, recently sharpened; heavy flatirons; a terrible mallet of metal (such as those formerly used by housebreakers), and a large butcher's cleaver. There was an old iron spoon which had apparently been used for melting lead, and M. Macé gathered up a hank

of cord. It was similar to that which had tied up the bundles found in Lampon's well. Several railway labels were also found, such as those on the parcels carried by the man who had been questioned by policeman Ringué on the night of December 22d. The last bits of the case were fitting together.

M. Macé proceeded to Voirbo's cellar. It contained nothing but two casks of wine. However, in flashing his light over them, the commissioner saw that the bung in one of them stood out above the head of the cask. He removed the bung and discovered a black string which was attached to it. The string hung down inside of the cask. M. Macé drew it up and there came a small tin cylinder, with its top soldered down. Inside this tin, when it had been broken open, were the Italian securities listed in the memorandum found inside the watch of Papa Désiré. Only one was missing—the one which Voirbo had exchanged to pay his rent before he left the Rue Mazarin.

There was still one point on which M. Macé

wanted stronger evidence for his case, the actual dismembering of the victim by Voirbo. There must be nothing lacking in this case.

He took the tailor, under heavy guard, to the house which he had formerly occupied in the Rue Mazarin, where the crime must have been committed. His old apartment was now occupied by a young man and his wife, and the arrangement of the furniture in the room was different from that in Voirbo's time. The concierge explained what the former arrangement had been. Under the window the workbench had stood, to the left of the sewing machine; there was a fireplace, opposite which had stood a chest of drawers; the bed had been in an alcove formed by two clothes cupboards. There were, besides, a stove and chairs; and in the center of the room had been a large round table. When M. Macé had all these details well in mind he commanded Voirbo to be brought in.

The commissioner had reasoned that the murderer must have laid the body of his vic-

tim on the table in the middle of the room, for, from the quantity and arrangement of the furniture at the time, it was the only place in the room where the difficult task of dismembering could have been done conveniently. And from the first the acute Macé had noticed something peculiar about the room. The tiled floor sloped downward from the window toward the bed in the alcove. And there especially the young commissioner showed his detective genius.

Picking up a jug of water which stood on the table, he mused aloud:

"I notice a slope in the floor. Now, if a body had been cut up on a table here in the center of the room, the effusion of blood would have been great, and the fluid must have followed this slope. Any other fluid thrown down here must follow the same direction. I will empty this jug on the floor and see what happens!"

At these words, terror leaped into the face of Voirbo, the accused. He grew gray with fright, clenched his hands, and followed with

staring eyes the tilted jug in the hands of M. Macé. The water gushed to the floor and flowed straight to the bed, collecting beneath it in two large pools.

The areas covered by these pools then were carefully sponged dry, and a mason was summoned to take up the tiles. Beneath was found a quantity of dark stuff which resembled dried blood. Later the tiles and mortar removed were analyzed by chemists. The dark substance was indisputably human blood.

This was too much even for the cold-blooded Voirbo. When he saw how, in spite of all his caution in washing up the floor, the blood of Papa Désiré had nevertheless appeared to condemn him, he confessed fully to the crime.

The following details are taken from his confession:

Having begged Papa Désiré repeatedly to lend him ten thousand francs to help him toward his marriage with the dowered orphan, and having been firmly refused by the old man, Voirbo decided to kill and rob him. He invited

the victim to his apartment in the Rue Mazarin. As his guest stood beside the table, suspecting nothing, the tailor came from behind, struck him on the head with a heavy flatiron, and finished the deed with a knife. He then dismembered the body and with a great caution, by slow degrees, proceeded with the dangerous task of its disposition.

At first Voirbo could not be brought to tell what he had done with the victim's head. Finally he confessed that he had melted lead, weighted the head with it, and then sunk it to the bottom of the Seine. In melting the lead he had used the iron spoon found in his room. He believed, he said, that if he could dispose of the head so that no one would ever find it, it would be impossible for the body to be identified.

On his way to prison Voirbo made a desperate, and very nearly successful, attempt to escape.

Later he stood awaiting his turn to be inscribed on the prison register. Under his arm he

was carrying a long loaf of bread, when suddenly he tore the loaf open, extracted a razor, and cut his own throat. So died Pierre Voirbo, one of the most cold-blooded murderers in the annals of crime. How he had obtained the suicide weapon has never become known.

The brilliant young M. Macé subsequently became Chief of Police of Paris and solved many another baffling crime, but never one quite so slender of clue, and so grim in its detail, as that of the man who murdered Papa Désiré.

TRAPPING THE ROBBERS OF MUSWELL LODGE

MR. HENRY SMITH, eighty years old, lived alone in a quaint rambling house surrounded by gardens and woods. Muswell Lodge, the place was called—one of the striking residences in the small suburb of London known as Muswell Hill.

Mr. Smith was distinguished from most of

his neighbors by his wealth and by his seclusion. He had friends, to be sure, and would always greet the children pleasantly when he met them on occasional walks; but he lived very much alone. He indulged in no servants but a gardener; and even he did not sleep on the premises.

But that did not mean, Mr. Smith used to say to close friends, that he was unprotected at night; on the contrary the lawn of the garden and the walks about the lawn were cunningly strewn with push buttons which in turn were connected with electric bells, so that any marauder would automatically sound an alarm if he entered the grounds and approached the house by night. There was also a spring-gun which had been installed for the old man's protection. The gardener would set that every night before he left for his home; the next morning he would disconnect the bells and remove the spring-gun.

Old Mr. Smith was highly pleased with the various contraptions and had real faith in them

—so much faith, in fact, that he was accustomed to keep large sums of money about his person. He did not know that the reports of his wealth had become as exaggerated as they had in the community. The facts were that he was being talked of as "a very rich man," and that the news of his electric bells and trick gun had spread far and wide among the underworld of London, until at last it reached the ears of two skilled burglars and sent them into a flush of excitement. The experienced pair began an investigation into the lay of the land about Mr. Smith's lodge on Muswell Hill.

One night in February the Muswell Lodge gardener placed gun and bells in readiness as usual and departed for his supper. He even came back that night, about ten-thirty, to see that everything was all right with Mr. Smith. It was; and the old man bade him a pleasant good-night. The next morning the gardener came for his day's work and sought admittance, but there was no answer to his signal from the gate. He scrambled over the fence into the

garden and walked across the lawn to a window which faced upon it. It was slightly open, and gave evidence of having been tampered with. The gardener peered in. The figure of a man was stretched on the floor, but whose he could not discern, for the face was shrouded in cloth.

An alarm was sounded throughout the neighborhood and a party of friends burst in the door. Old Mr. Smith lay dead on the floor, his head covered with a heavy bag. His arms and legs were bound with strong rope. His head had been struck violently with heavy weapons. The drawers of the desk and bureaus had been rifled. Everything of value was gone. A little search revealed the presence of two bloodstained jimmies; and as if further evidence of professional burglary were needed, a small bull's-eye lantern was found in the room.

These, then, were the clues on which the police must depend: two jimmies and a bull's-eye lantern. Scotland Yard detectives examined them carefully. The tools were in no way distinctive; they might have been carried by any

of a number of burglars. But to the inspectors assigned to the case, the little lantern was of immense interest, for while it was seemingly no different in construction from thousands of others sold in a thousand shops, close examination indicated a slender clue. Its wick, they noticed, had been mended. The tiny strip of cloth seemed to be of flannel of a distinctive pattern. Had someone torn a strip from a shirt or a glove or a skirt and substituted it for a worn-out wick of the usual kind?

A few days after the occurrence of the murder Scotland Yard became aware that two notoriously bad characters in the London underworld had left the city. Hitherto they could have been found in certain low dives, but now careful search yielded no clue to their presence. Naturally, the two were regarded with especial suspicion. They would have been equal to the job, but what evidence was there to fasten it on them—and where were they?

A quiet alarm went out for Milsom and Fowler. It was known that Milsom was a rather

well-educated man and far superior to his fellow crook in intelligence as well. No doubt he had been the brains of the scheme, the detectives thought, and Fowler, the brute, had carried out his bidding. Fowler, a man of Herculean proportions, was known as a savage and merciless criminal who would murder with little provocation.

But no word came of Milsom or Fowler, and the weeks passed by. More than a month had elapsed and the case, it seemed to the public, was destined to follow the case of Jack the Ripper into the category of unsolved mysteries, when Scotland Yard conceived an idea. It was a long shot, but a sound one, theoretically.

"This lantern is small," the detective mused, "and it might well have belonged to a boy. It is the same as many of the cheap lanterns sold for a penny [two cents]—and Milsom has a small nephew. It seems absurd that a professional burglar would borrow his nephew's toy lantern for a job and then leave it on the scene of the crime, especially when murder has been

done. Nevertheless, it's worth considering."

So the detective made a visit to the teeming East End of London where Milsom had lived with his sister, her husband, and their children. He took a survey of the neighborhood and shadowed Milsom's little nephew in his comings and goings. He observed that the boy went every day to a certain store, at a certain time, to buy provisions for his mother.

One day, after the Scotland Yard man had taken the shopkeeper into his confidence, the boy entered and laid his pennies on the counter for a loaf of bread. His eye fell upon an insignificant and grimy tin lantern which, strangely, had found its way right to the section of the counter which would come under his gaze. He looked again and examined it.

"Why, that looks like my lantern," he cried; and when the shopkeeper, by prearrangement, appeared to protest, a country bumpkin—to judge from his dress—sauntered up from the back of the store and joined in the conversation.

"Oh, there are lots of lanterns like that," he said. "How do you know it's yours?"

"Well, I guess I know my own lantern when I see it," the boy threw back. "Do you see that wick? Ordinary lanterns don't have wicks like that. I made that out of a piece of cloth I got at our house. I can prove it."

And prove it he did. Within a few minutes Scotland Yard was in possession of confirmatory fragments of the dress fabric, a bit of which Milsom's sister had given the little chap for a wick. What had happened was clear enough. Milsom had borrowed the boy's small lantern to take with him on his journey to Muswell Hill.

Then followed an untiring search for Milsom and Fowler. Inspectors Marshall and Nutkins learned that they were traveling with a circus. Fowler, it was said, was playing the "strong man" for the show. They were pursued from town to town. Finally, at Bath, they were tracked to an apartment over a candy store.

It was night when the inspectors closed in

on the unsuspecting pair. The local police had the building surrounded and were prepared for any emergency, for it was certain that a desperate struggle could not be avoided. From Fowler, at least, they expected violent resistance.

Suddenly the detectives rushed the room where the burglars were sitting. Milsom surrendered at once, but Fowler made a dash for the sofa, and it took the combined efforts of a number of police to prevent the giant from reaching a pistol which he had hidden under a sofa pillow. After a terrific struggle he was trussed up.

At their examination Milsom surprised the detectives by protesting that Fowler had initiated the robbery. Fowler had come to him, he said, and told him of the strange old man who lived in Muswell Lodge; of his wealth stored about the house; and of the fancied protection of the spring-gun. The two had laughed at such precautions. After dark they had concealed themselves in the shrubbery, Milsom

said, and, avoiding the bells, had gone to the house.

"Fowler opened the window and went in," Milsom asserted. "I waited outside. Then I heard terrible sounds and saw Fowler beating the old man over the head; but I did not go in."

The detectives listened carefully. Then they went to Fowler and told him what Milsom had said. Fowler exploded in frightful anger and swore that Milsom had assisted him at every step. Milsom was apparently seeking to save his skin by turning Queen's evidence; but Scotland Yard did not have to take the word of either man in the matter.

"The arms and the legs of the victim," detectives pointed out, "were bound with rope whose knots were tied by two different persons."

From the peculiar method of tying the knots, the detectives had deduced that some had been tied by a right-handed individual and others by one who was left-handed. The evidence as it was later presented at the trial bore out

Fowler's story. Milsom had lied and was certainly present at the killing. He was the left-handed man.

Both men were convicted of murder and sentenced to execution, and Scotland Yard put one more object in its Black Museum—the small tin lantern with a wick of cloth, which had sent two men to death.

SUBTLETIES OF CRIME IN INDIA

TWO WEEKS had gone by and Fatima had heard no news of her husband, Russool. With the passing days she became increasingly worried. Every evening she sat before their small house in an outlying section of Delhi, while through her mind passed a procession of visions, composed of all the dire

fates which her husband might have met during his absence from home.

Fatima had never learned to hold her tongue, although she knew that Russool was a hot-headed man, and easily crossed. She knew now what a good husband he had been to her, and how badly she had treated him, especially on that day, a fortnight ago, when he had returned penniless from Delhi and she had berated him so soundly. It was all too sad that he had left her. Perhaps it was too late now. She cherished nameless fears.

One night as Fatima sat before the house she saw a neighbor approaching up the road, gesticulating wildly. He seemed to be signalling to her. Fatima rushed to meet him and turned pale when he told his news. A man's body had been found hidden in a ruined temple at no great distance from the house. The skull had been badly crushed. Fatima shrieked and tore her hair. Her most lurid dreams were realized, for who could this be but her husband,

Russool? She hurried off and examined the corpse, and although it was obviously in a state beyond all possibility of recognition, she felt sure it was that of her husband.

Fatima again returned to her house, exhausted her tears, and sat down to reflect. Russool Bux had been her husband. Now he was dead. Should she not have revenge upon his murderer?

In a near-by house lived Ali Khan, who never had been friendly to Russool Bux. In recent months he had not spoken to her husband at all. Fatima thought long and earnestly about Ali Khan, and soon it grew on her that he had committed the murder. It was not long before she divined exactly how he had accomplished it. As her husband lay asleep in an open field, unwilling to come home, Ali Khan must have crept up on him, seized a large rock, and, raising it high above his head, dropped it upon the unprotected skull of her poor husband. He then had seized her husband by the heels and dragged him to the ruined temple, laughing

to himself, no doubt, as he hid the body beneath a huge slab of stone.

It did not take Fatima long to work out these details. She then called in her three most intimate friends to support her in her bereavement, and between her sobs, told them the moving story of her husband's brutal murder by Ali Khan. To show their sympathy and regard for the unfortunate Fatima, the three friends did not hesitate *to become witnesses* of the murder.

The following day a complaint was lodged and Ali Khan was arrested and brought before the magistrate. His knees trembled, and he was much too terrified to think of an alibi. He loudly protested his innocence, but the evidence against him was overwhelming, both in quantity and in the richness of ornamental detail. Moreover, it was sworn to by no less than three eyewitnesses of the murder!

It was at this point in the trial that Russool, the husband of Fatima, walked into the court room. . . .

Actual cases like this one make the work of magistrates and detectives in India difficult beyond the conception of those familiar only with the comparatively simple crime problems of the Occident.

"We have generally found," says Sir Edmund C. Cox, in his admirable *Police and Crime in India,* "that the incidents which are matters of common occurrence in India are entirely beyond the experience of police officers in England. The obviously false cases, the accusations of offenses that never have been committed, the detailed accounts of events which never have taken place; the ceaseless ingenuity expended in trying to make one thing appear to be another—all these phases of criminality with which I am so familiar seem to be a sealed book to the English policeman.

"In India one learns almost instinctively to look for the very opposite of the circumstances which are first reported in any particular case. To hang up the body of a person who has been

murdered, in such a way as to convey the impression that he has committed suicide, is quite an ordinary proceeding. The fact that a corpse is found covered with wounds is no proof in India that the death was due to violence; the deceased may have died of natural causes, the injuries being subsequently inflicted in order to bear out a false charge of murder. . . .

"At Nagpur, in the Central Provinces, a wealthy Mohammedan merchant named Ibrahim Beg was actually convicted of the murder of his young wife Chumbeli. Ibrahim Beg admitted before the Court that he had cause to be jealous of Chumbeli, and that he had given her a severe beating. Her screams had been heard by several neighbors. The accused insisted that he had no intention of doing his wife any serious harm, and he did not believe that he had inflicted any real injury upon her. She had, however, mysteriously disappeared after the beating, and he could not account for her absence. It is common in India for a wife who has a little difference with her husband to

run away to her parents' house. But in this case the parents knew nothing of their daughter.

"The police were called in, and the investigation commenced. Nothing was discovered at first; but after a couple of days a disagreeable odor was noticed in a corner of the merchant's compound. Upon examination it was found that the ground, which was covered with leaves, had been recently dug up. This was very suspicious. An excavation was made, and the headless corpse of a woman was found. It might have been difficult to recognize the trunk, but all doubt as to its identity was removed when one of Chumbeli's bangles was found on the arm. Evidence to fit in with the discovery, and to complete the history of the case, was of course soon available, with the result that the unfortunate merchant was found guilty of murder.

"However, on the day before his execution was to have taken place a man named Hyder informed a young English civilian that Chum-

beli was alive. The Englishman could hardly credit the story; but the informant professed his ability to show him where Chumbeli was. He was as good as his word. The woman who was alleged to have been murdered was being kept in concealment by a gang of fakirs in a hidden chamber beneath a tomb. The real truth of the story was this:

"Kahn Beg, a cousin and heir of Ibrahim Beg, wished to get rid of the latter, and enjoy his inheritance. With this view, he played the part of Iago, and incited Ibrahim Beg's suspicions against Chumbeli. As soon as the husband had beaten his wife the way of the conspirator was fairly easy. He and two of his agents abducted Chumbeli, and handed her over to the fakirs. These people got hold of a woman who had died. They cut off the head, and Khan Beg placed one of Chumbeli's bangles on the arm of the corpse. The body was then buried in the corner of the compound and leaves were strewn over the place. Not unnaturally, when the discovery was made,

everyone jumped to the conclusion that the corpse was Chumbeli's.

"Hyder, who gave information which saved Ibrahim Beg from the gallows, was one of the conspirators. He was dissatisfied with the reward given him for his services, and took his revenge on Khan Beg by revealing all the circumstances of the case."

In short, the detectives of India find their tasks complicated by the extraordinary capacity for deceit on the part of the natives; by the prevalence of frame-ups through false evidence; and by the mad obsession of many to ruin their rivals or opponents by any means whatever. Nothing is more common among the Pathans, magistrates have pointed out, than for the friends of a murdered man to add false accusations against the relatives of the murderer, to their truthful accusation against the murderer himself. The mind of the judge who has to try Pathan criminals is often tortured by the dread of being induced by false evidence either to convict the innocent or

acquit the guilty; and this is very true of criminal adjudications among the other numerous races in India.

One British judge, in trying a case, found:

> The evidence shows . . . that there are two factions in the village and that murders have been committed on each side, not, as would naturally be expected, by members of one faction on a member of the other, but by members of one faction upon a helpless female of their own, so as to throw the blame of the crime on the other party. Such a state of things is hardly credible, but this is an instance of truth being stranger than fiction.

* * * * *

The famous policeman and detective, General Charles Hervey, accomplished some unusual feats in India quite different from anything done by detectives in Europe and America. In the olden days of British detective work in India he was charged with the responsibility of suppressing professional murder for robbery, and gang burglary, both of which had run virtually unchecked for centuries. Officially, he was "In Charge of the

British Operations for the Suppression of Thuggee and Dacoity in India."

Thuggee itself, the practice of a religion which called for frequent rites of murder without the shedding of blood, had been largely abolished through energetic special police work. Hundreds of thugs or professional stranglers who had roamed the Indian roads, preying on innocent persons utterly unknown to them, had been caught and executed. But there remained many more criminals who now turned to poisoning as a means of livelihood. Murder for the sake of possession of an ox, a cow, or even a bangle worth a few cents, was not an extraordinary happening. Life in India was precarious, to put it mildly.

One of General Hervey's captures was a professional poisoner named Rora, a man who had been sought for many crimes. His specialty was the drugging of wayside travelers with *dhatura,* a vegetable poison very easily obtained.

The white, bell-shaped *dhatura* flower grows

wild in the fields of India, almost as generally as the daisy and buttercup in America. Leaves, seeds, and stalk all furnish the poison. In almost any form it can be readily mixed with food, especially sweets, and with opium or tobacco. A small dose of it has the extraordinary effect of robbing the victim temporarily of his memory. A man drugged with *dhatura* is unconscious of what happens to him while under the influence of the drug. He is unable to tell how he came to be poisoned. Larger doses cause insanity and death, and, unlike mineral poisons, *dhatura* leaves no trace which can be detected by chemical analysis.

Rora, after several murders, was captured. As his guards were taking him to jail he offered them some sweetmeats and ate freely of them himself. Their suspicions disarmed, they accepted some and ate. In a little while they dropped senseless on the road, drugged with *dhatura*. Rora escaped.

The next day, in the same vicinity, he poisoned, in the same way, the unsuspecting

driver of a bullock cart, and appropriated both cart and bullocks, selling them at the next town. A few days later the drivers of a pony cart, halting for their morning meal, accepted a puff of tobacco from a stranger who showed them a most interesting-looking pipe. The drivers were found reeling and gibbering on the roadside from the effects of *dhatura,* and the pony and cart were gone.

His next performance was to hire a camel and poison the guards which had been sent from the camel livery. By this time the police were frantic—but Rora did not stop there. Under various aliases he palmed himself off as a matrimonial agent, and even when the police were close at his heels, managed to steal two more camels and a large sum of money from one of his "clients" in a matrimonial negotiation. The police of several districts had joined in the search, but, so long as he operated alone, Rora seemed to lead a charmed life. He wished to work on a larger scale, however, with wealthier clients, and for this purpose em-

ployed two women as decoys, as well as his wife, and entered new fields of territory.

A description was circulated of Rora as a man who traveled with a train of three women; and to make the identification easier, it was noted that the criminal had lately taken to carrying a curiously carved walking stick. Finally the police at Khotuck arrested a man who carried such a stick, and a quantity of flour mixed with *dhatura* powder was found in his possession. It was Rora. Within a few weeks he had caused nine cases of poisoning, all but two of which had been fatal.

On another occasion General Hervey effected an important capture by means of following the scent of the powerful musk perfume. A dacoity, or armed gang burglary, had taken place at the village of Gudduc. The dacoits had swept down in their usual terrifying manner on a wealthy shop, in the dead of night. The faces of the gang of twenty were daubed and streaked with paint. They carried flare torches in their hands. The shopkeeper

and his neighbors were terrified, and all resistance was paralyzed by the sudden attack. Several of the household were murdered and rich plunder was taken.

It happened that the wealthy shopkeeper was also the local assayer of gold, the jeweler, and the pawnbroker of the town as well. Fearing a run on his shop by those who had pledged articles with him, in the event that the exact truth of the size of the robbery got out, the shopkeeper-pawnbroker understated his loss to the police and did as little as possible to assist the detectives led by General Hervey. However, he admitted the loss of one thing—an entire pod of musk.

By means of native trackers General Hervey was able to follow the trail of the dacoits to a forest two hundred miles away. The gang was surrounded and much of the loot was found, sewed within their tattered garments and in the quilts of their camp bedding. But the valuable pod of musk could not be found, although its powerful scent pervaded the air. So

General Hervey followed his nose and pursued a long trail through the forest, with the odor of musk increasing in strength. He was finally able to point out the exact spot where his men should dig in the earth. They did so, and the rare essence was retrieved in its entirety.

It is interesting to note that the victim of the robbery, when the loot was returned to him, protested violently that he had never been robbed of any such articles. The fact was, he had had no idea that the police would be successful in catching the gang of dacoits, and was now fearful of the vengeance of the confederates of the gang. General Hervey was actually compelled to sequester officially the ledgers of the victim, in order to prove that he lied in disclaiming the property—an instance of the additional burden on the detective in India such as often happens in Indian crime.

Trails of scent, it happened, played important parts in two other Indian crimes detected under General Hervey's supervision. At Khandesh the perpetrators of an enormous

opium dacoity (eight hundred pounds) were tracked down by the smell of opium on their clothes, and the entire lot of the drug recovered from its cache in the dried bed of a river. Again, near Calcutta, the robbers of a perfume merchant were tracked down through the penetrating odor issuing from a tin flask of keora, or oil of spikenard, the highly scented flower much used in idol worship in India. The missing flask of the precious extract was also recovered.

When it comes to the citation of bizarre and shuddering stories of crime, India affords almost incredible examples; yet they are well authenticated. The British magistrate, Thornill, once stationed at Muttra, tells of an amazing piece of villainy.

"An alligator," he says, "had established himself in the river not far from the chief bathing places. He was an enormous brute of the shortnosed variety (mugger). He was believed to have carried off several of the bathers, chiefly

women. He established quite a terror. At length he was captured and dragged ashore, killed, and then cut open, and I was told that an immense number of women's ornaments and fragments of dresses were found within him.

"But sometimes when bathers disappear the alligators are unjustly accused, as the following story will show. The incidents occurred also at Muttra, but before my time. They were thus related to me, and I entertain no doubt of their general correctness:

"Several women had disappeared suddenly while bathing. Each gave a shriek and vanished under the surface. It was supposed that they had been seized and dragged below by the alligators, but presently suspicions were excited. It came to be noticed that all the women who disappeared *were well-to-do,* and that at the time of their disappearance they were wearing valuable ornaments. Before long the suspicions became certainties. The body of one of the women was found floating in the river. It bore no marks of any injury from

an alligator, but the ornaments were gone—and there were rents and gashes in the flesh where they had been torn or cut off.

"Inquiries were then instituted, and it was discovered that the women had been the victim of a gang of a species of thugs. Some of the gang were expert swimmers. They remained near the bathing places, ostensibly amusing themselves in the water. When a woman with rich ornaments came down to bathe, their confederates signaled them; one of them swam to the bathing place, swimming the latter part of the distance under water. The woman was seized by the feet, dragged to where the stream was deep, her ornaments there cut off, and the body allowed to float down with the current."

Further illustrations of the ghoulish ingenuity of the Indian criminal is furnished by Sir Edmund Cox, in his story of Girwar Prasad, the banker, whose house was entered one night by burglars. The banker was waked by a loud noise, in the dead of night. Rushing downstairs, he entered the main room just as

the last of the gang was crawling out through the hole under the wall of the house which they had dug to gain entrance. The burglar's body was halfway out. Girwar Prasad rushed forward and forced himself between the legs of the intruder, making it impossible for him to get through the hole.

Holding him tight, the banker shouted to his servants, who rushed for the police. "Now that one of the gang has been caught, the rest can easily be traced," the banker thought. But when the detectives arrived on the outside of the house a shocking sight met their eyes. The prisoner was still stuck in the hole—but he was headless! His partners in crime, to avoid identification of one of their band, had executed him and carried off the head.

In commercial frauds the Indian criminal yields the palm to no other nationality. The perfection of counterfeitings and forgeries in India is remarkable; baffling imitations of bank notes are frequent, and some of them are

made with such crude tools and inadequate material as would cause an Occidental criminal to despair of success.

One of the most picturesque figures in Indian criminal history is Govind Narayen Davria, who was known in his day as the "Prince of Forgers." It was Davria's boast—and he often made it good—that he could forge so skilfully from a single signature that the writer himself would not know it. For many years this Prince of Forgers baffled the Indian police, including even the Indian Secret Service, but at last he was caught.

Davria lived, on the proceeds of his frauds, in a style that justified his colloquial title. He worked on a grandiose scale. Among the hundreds of other criminals in his employ were certain trusted clerks of the great Bank of Bombay. Counterfeited notes for large sums became current in Bombay, and the detectives working on the case arrived at the conclusion that they were all from one press. After some

months they became certain that that press was Davria's, and that the man was the center of a large ring, which operated in this way: Davria would counterfeit and forge notes, some to the value of one thousand rupees. These were then turned over to a confederate clerk in the bank, who got them into circulation. Even the cashier of the bank, the police later learned, was a confederate of the Prince of Forgers.

But while the business was merrily going on and the detectives were at their wit's end to trap the ring with the proper evidence, Davria and his confederates were blackmailed by another clerk who had not been taken into the ring. He threatened instant exposure unless a large sum was paid, and Davria, with consummate effrontery, agreed—and paid the clerk's blackmail with a cunningly forged note. The clerk discovered the cheat and attempted an exposure, and Davria and others were arrested and tried on several counts; but to the chagrin of the police, they were acquitted on purely technical grounds. The biggest fish in the net

had slipped through and the detectives were still defeated.

Bombay then saw Davria no more; he seemed to have vanished entirely. But the detectives had little chance to forget him. In a few months his extraordinarily ingenious paper was again flooding the district; and it was not for several years that the Bombay detectives were again to get near to catching him.

One day the police heard through underground channels that a party of three men were en route from Poona, where Davria was said to be in hiding, for the purpose of negotiating a sale of bogus notes to "retailers" who would pass them safely into circulation. By this time the amazing exploits of the master forger had attracted widespread attention, and the detectives laid careful plans. Mir Abdul Ali, veteran Bombay detective, disguised himself as a coachman and arranged to attend a European detective who was disguised as a Parsee gentleman. Then, with another Indian detective

dressed as a groom, the entire party set out, armed with large sums of money, to pay their respects to the oncoming counterfeiters.

So clever were the disguises and so plausible their story that the detectives disarmed all suspicions of Davria's agents, and arranged to buy fourteen thousand rupees' worth of fake notes. Then they decided they had carried the game far enough and took the sellers into custody. To their disappointment, however, they were unable to learn from the prisoners the location of Davria's hiding place. The forger vanished once more, and in spite of the best efforts of the Bombay detectives, not only evaded them for seven years but continued to make an excellent living from his forgeries and counterfeiting. To his former skill he now added possession of an important secret which he kept very much to himself. By the use of a certain chemical Davria was able to erase all traces of writing on documents of any kind.

But Davria, like all criminals, began to feel the strain of fear of detection. This grew to

such an extent, it was later revealed, that he kept a brazier of burning charcoal constantly by his side, so that in case detectives surprised him he could burn instantly any document on which he was operating, thus destroying the evidence.

The day came when Mir Abdul Ali got on his track again. Davria had taken up his residence in Berar and was living there in security, surrounded by satellites who were living on his money. There was but one way to approach him and catch him with the evidence, and that was by actually buying counterfeit money from him. The detective knew that a tempting offer for a large number of counterfeit notes would appeal to Davria's cupidity. It took months to worm his way into the confidence of some of his confederates. The deal proposed was on so large a scale that the presence of Davria was necessary to the closing of it. Secure in his disguise, Mir Abdul Ali went to the house which had been agreed upon. Davria was there waiting, with the counterfeit money. Negotia-

tions were opened and at the psychological moment the detective signaled, and the house was surrounded by police. The Prince of Forgers, trapped, was wild with despair; and the Bombay police had ended a fourteen-year hunt for one of the wiliest criminals India had ever known.

Davria's iron nerve led him to a strange course at the end. Disgraced, he believed himself; but that he was crushed, he would not admit. The first night in jail he stole the oil from a kerosene lamp burning in his cell, drenched his clothing with it, set himself on fire, and cheated the police by his death.

DETECTIVE GEYER'S BRILLIANT LONG SHOT

THE night was growing extremely cold. It was Saturday, the 2d of February, and although it was scarcely ten o'clock, the streets of Philadelphia were virtually deserted. A wayfarer, shoulders hunched against the cold, chin drawn into the collar of his overcoat, hugged the lee side of a hill which rose abruptly

at Howard and Montgomery avenues. There, in a deep shadow, he almost stumbled over the prostrate body of a young woman. She was dead—shot through the head by a pistol bullet. A market basket filled with bread and cakes stood near the body. . . .

On Monday morning, February 4th, the newspapers carried stories of the brutal murder of pretty Annie Klaus, the daughter of a Philadelphia shoemaker. Although these accounts were unusually circumstantial, in one respect they were incomplete. The case, which at first promised to be a mystery, had been solved within ten hours of the firing of the fatal shot. "Detectives tracked the suspect to his home," said the newspapers. But behind this conventional statement lay a brilliant stroke of crime detection. How did they track him, and why was he suspected? Reporters jumped to the conclusion that Annie Klaus was engaged to be married to the murderer, Otto Kayser—or, perhaps, in 1889 chivalry demanded that any close acquaintance between a woman and a

man should be referred to as an "engagement."

On the contrary, when the father of Annie Klaus had recovered from his grief at identifying his daughter sufficiently to answer questions, he assured the detective that Annie was "the best girl in the world, never went to parties or dances, and had no beaux." And she hadn't an enemy in the world, he insisted.

When Klaus said this it was midnight, and the detective, Frank P. Geyer, had just arrived at the station house where policemen had brought the victim two hours before. Geyer further questioned the shoemaker, asking where Annie had worked.

"In the stocking mills at Palethorp and Dauphin streets," was the answer.

"I am the last man in the world to believe in intuitions, or to form a theory on nothing," says Geyer, in recounting the case, "but at those words of his I saw that girl, as though she were pictured on a canvas screen, looking out of the stocking-mill window and flirting with the con-

ductors of the old green line, whose cars came down Coral Street to Dauphin, over Dauphin to Second, down Second to Dock Street. Young womanhood, blooming with rare beauty, denied as she was at home the natural, innocent pleasures of her years, would be exceptional in not flirting a little sometimes."

So Geyer asked: "Did Annie ride home from work, or walk?"

"I think she rode only when it rained," said the father. "If you come to my house and see my youngest daughter she can tell you more about it."

They hurried to the shoemaker's home. On the way Klaus explained the basket which had been found beside the murdered girl. Annie's older sister had married a baker and every Saturday night the Klaus family's supply of bread and cakes for the week-end was fetched from his shop. It was while on this errand that Annie had met her death.

Klaus's younger daughter answered questions in a straightforward manner.

"Did Annie ride home from work, or walk?" asked Geyer.

"She always rode when it rained and sometimes when it didn't."

"Did she always come home on the same car?"

"Always."

"Do you girls flirt with that conductor when he passes the door?"

"Well," she said, hesitating, "he waves his hand at us."

"Is that conductor Annie's beau?"

"Oh, I don't know that. But if you see a girl friend of hers who lives at Second and Cumberland she can tell you."

She had never heard the conductor's name, but described him:

"There is something funny about his looks. He has perfectly white hair; not gray, but just pure white. He's young, though; it's just that his hair is white, and his eyelashes are white, and it seems to me that his eyes are a kind of light pink."

Here was a valuable description: the man was an albino. The next step was to rout the girl friend from her bed. As soon as she heard the news she fainted. When she recovered her senses she said she did not know whether the conductor had been Annie's beau or not; but that all the girls in the mill flirted. Another girl, living on Hancock Street, above Cumberland, would know.

Geyer hastened to Hancock Street.

"I don't think he was her beau," said the girl, "but Annie always waited for his car when work was over."

Geyer sensed that the bare suspicion justified quick action. He hurried to the car-line depot and found the night watchman.

"Mike, do you know an albino conductor who handles a green car that passes Palethorp and Dauphin about six o'clock at night?"

Mike did. The albino's name was Otto Kayser. The watchman didn't know Kayser's address, but said he could find out from the men in the morning. Geyer talked sternly:

"Mike, we've got to know that conductor's address now. You've a lot of the conductors and drivers that board with you. Go home on the jump, wake them up, and find out. That will be the quickest way."

Mike ran home, and soon returned with the information that the man lived somewhere near Kensington Avenue and Somerset. They drove there and knocked on the door of the nearest two-story dwelling. A man stuck his head out of an upper window and Geyer called his question.

"He lived right in this house until three months ago," came the reply, "but he moved away, I don't know where."

This was horribly discouraging, but Geyer remembered that he knew a man who lived on that street. He was routed out and luckily was able to point out the house to which Kayser had moved. There was a small printing office on the ground floor; Kayser, who was married, lived in the rooms above it.

With three policemen at his heels Geyer ran down to the printing office. Two policemen were stationed in the alley at the side of the shop, another at the rear of the house. The detective knocked at the door. He knocked repeatedly, but there was no response. Then he kicked the door. He heard a light thud on the upper floor, as though someone had jumped out of bed.

The store door had its upper half of glass, and Geyer peered into the gloomy interior. He thought someone was approaching the door, but it was too dark to be sure. Suddenly the door was hastily wrenched open. Geyer, who had been prepared to spring forward, fell back in horror. A woman in a nightgown reeled out, holding in her arms a baby that looked as if it had been dipped in blood. The mother's throat was cut from ear to ear. By some miracle she was able to walk and speak.

"My God! My God! Let me out," she shrieked, "my husband's cut my throat."

The figure of a man loomed behind her and

Geyer leaped upon him, pinning his arms down.

"It ain't me, it's my brother. He did it!" cried the prisoner. The woman confirmed him.

"Where is he?" demanded Geyer.

"Upstairs."

"Get me a light, quick!"

The man reached down a lamp; Geyer lit it and rushed upstairs, three steps at a time, the lamp grasped in his hand. As he reached the first landing he saw the white face of the albino staring down from above. Seeing Geyer coming, the man turned and ran into the bedroom. Geyer gained the door in time to see Kayser leap onto his bed and, with one sweep of the bloody razor he held in his hand, almost sever his head from his body. He died almost instantly. The albino had guessed what that pounding at the door had meant.

The wife was rushed to the hospital. In spite of her terrible wounds, she soon recovered enough to give the missing links in the night's horror.

Her husband, she said, had come home about twelve o'clock. He had been drinking heavily. He pulled a revolver out of his pocket and muttered: "If you only knew what this did to-night!" Frightened, she had run down into the street and told a policeman that her husband was waving a revolver about. The policeman went in and took it away from him. But he was not arrested. Husband and wife went to bed, their baby sleeping between them.

It seemed to the wife that she had slept but a short time when her husband waked her and told her someone was knocking. Thinking it was the milkman, and being very tired, she refused to go down. Again her husband shook her by the shoulder and told her to go. She was sleeping on the inside of the bed and, as she leaned over her husband to step out, he reached up and slashed her throat with a razor.

Scarcely knowing what she was doing, she seized the baby in her arms, to protect it from

its father's murderous frenzy, and staggered downstairs. He followed her to the landing, still slashing at her with the razor, but did not follow downstairs. The baby was unhurt. The brother had fled from an adjoining room. Geyer had then rushed upstairs.

They later found the conductor who had seen Annie Klaus and Kayser riding together on the street car just before the murder. Kayser's revolver, when turned over by the policeman who had confiscated it, proved to be a .38 calibre. The bullet which killed Annie Klaus was a .38.

"It seems to me," Geyer once modestly wrote of the case, "that the only way it could possibly have been solved was by that flash of intuition that pictured to me the fresh young face of Annie Klaus at the mill window, as she flirted with the crews of the cars going past."

Intuition, hardly. It could more accurately be described as imagination, that rare and essential quality in all great detective work.

For after all, such swiftness of thought and action come only from the expert rather sure of himself. A lesser man would have puttered and delayed on this case which called for swift solution.

THE INCOMPARABLE VIDOCQ: FIRST GREAT DETECTIVE

IN THEIR war on professional criminals the police have always used the services of spies or informers from the ranks of the underworld —and still do, to a greater extent than is generally known. Yet in the early days of protective organization the "police spy" filled a far more important position in police-detective

activities than he does to-day; so important that it was said of Paris police headquarters of the early Nineteenth Century that they resembled nothing so much as a thieves' hang-out. The disreputable rabble of spies was indistinguishable from the gangs of crooks they arrested.

This curious situation in France came about through the inability of the police to cope with the horde of criminals scattered throughout the land—a result of political unrest and unsettled conditions. It was the fashion of the day to impose most severe sentences, even for relatively slight offenses, and the more serious crimes were punished by commitment to the horrible *bagnes,* or seaport prisons, at Brest, Toulon, and Rochefort.

The *bagnes* were hard-labor prisons, and their inmates were called "galley slaves." (At the time when warships were propelled by man-power, the convicts had been galley slaves; now their home was on shore, but the name stuck to them.) Although the labor,

mostly rough work about the docks, was in itself not so hard, these galley slaves lived a life unspeakably brutal and degrading. They existed chained together in pairs—filthy, frozen, starved; and they were beaten and goaded to the point where they found actual satisfaction in trampling under foot any decent impulse left in them. Their only law was the club of the guard. Under these conditions many of them were glad to risk death in the effort to escape; and so many did manage to escape that they became a menace to all society.

"At this time," writes Griffith, the English historian of crime, "there was little security for property, and life was constantly in danger. Whole bands of fugitive galley slaves were at large, pursuing their courses with the utmost daring and effrontery. They were apprehended from time to time, but were acquitted, when arraigned, for want of evidence; witnesses as to identity were not forthcoming, and unless caught red-handed there were no proofs of guilt.

"It was under these circumstances that justice in France, in its eagerness to check these depredations and to protect the deserving, industrious population, secretly sought the aid of spies and informers willing to work against the criminal fraternity."

It happened that out of this sinister crew of spies rose an unusually fascinating character of a man, one Eugène Vidocq, who may rightly be called the first great detective. He was a man far above his fellows in brains and character, more than clever, more than ordinarily self-confident—a sort of daring mancat who seemed always to land on his feet.

Vidocq was in hiding at the time he first anonymously offered his services to the police, having just escaped from the *bagne*. He had decided to reform and live honestly, but his presence in Paris became known to former criminal comrades who were ready to denounce him at any time, should he refuse their demands. He was constantly forced to pay black-

mail to the rogues; worse, they were insisting that he join them in robberies.

Vidocq saw that, try as he might, it would be impossible for him to lead a decent life; sooner or later he was sure to be drawn again into criminal activities. Associated for years with thieves, escaped prisoners, and low characters of all descriptions, ever since the wild acts of his boyhood had thrown him among them, he had learned to know thoroughly and to despise the criminal classes. He felt that he had nothing in common with these people; their stupidity and depravity disgusted him. But how could an escaped galley slave avoid them? He was fair game to be exploited by anyone who could inform the authorities of his identity.

So Vidocq decided to go over to the police if they would have him. In spite of his promises to furnish important information, and his claim to knowledge of the hiding places and plans of great numbers of escaped convicts, he was at first refused, and soon afterward was

taken by gendarmes as an escaped prisoner. From prison he renewed his offer, and his abilities were tested for two years, during which he furnished information gleaned from his unsuspecting fellow prisoners.

At the end of this probation he was released; not openly, but so as to make it appear that he had escaped while being removed from one prison to another. He pretended to go into hiding, and actually became a hero to the underworld for his supposed adroitness in escaping the law. A Vidocq legend grew up; he was supposed to be the archcriminal, one who had committed every imaginable crime—one who would stick at nothing. In the meantime the real Vidocq, hiding behind his legendary self, zealously aided the police, betraying right and left the unfortunate criminals who looked up to him as a devil of a good fellow and a prince among them. It is only fair to say, however, that in this business he risked his life constantly; the slightest misstep would have meant certain death.

Vidocq's *Memoirs* read like a thrilling adventure story, and an adventure story written by a master, with the difference that the hero is conspicuously lacking in most of the heroic virtues except physical courage. With extraordinary candor he paints his own portrait. That he was an amazingly clever and engaging rogue is proved by the rare flavor of the *Memoirs;* also by the fact that, although the name "Vidocq" became a terrible and hated symbol to lawbreakers, he always managed to evade or disarm the vengeance of the underworld. He himself did not believe that professional criminals committed crimes of vengeance. He always found the criminal classes, he said, the most simple and trusting of people; they took arrest philosophically, seemed to expect it; and, once in prison, seldom thought to inquire through whose agency they had been taken. At any rate, Vidocq constantly walked on extremely thin ice with the most desperate criminals of the land without coming to grief.

The first great detective had a passion for

acting a part. He was a master of disguise, and not only as to dress. His features possessed such mobility that by a change of expression he seemed to grow older or younger and to be a quite different person. He also knew how to make himself appear shorter or taller than he really was. He studied carefully the appearance, speech, and manner of the sort of individual he wished to impersonate, disguising himself down to the last detail, imitating his model even in matters which would cause him intense physical discomfort.

One of Vidocq's great feats was done for the police when it was suspected that two escaped galley slaves of the worst type, at large in Paris, were hiding in the house of a certain Mme Noël. Mme Noël was a woman of some education, music mistress to the daughters of middle-class tradespeople, who, impressed by her air of gentility, believed her to belong to some family which had been ruined by the Revolution. They knew that she was a widow and pitied her because she had to earn her liv-

ing, but they did not know that she was the mother of the notorious thief known as "Noël with the Spectacles."

Mme Noël worshiped her offspring, and even mothered the whole crew of his disreputable comrades as well. To insure a welcome with her it was enough to prove yourself a member of the criminal fraternity. She sheltered whatever thieves and other rogues were in hiding or were hard-up—fed them, procured false passports, and took a keen interest in their plans. She was called by those she befriended "the mother of robbers"; and her "children" comprehended literally all galley slaves, with special affection for those who could give her news of her son, now in the *bagne*.

She had often heard of Vidocq, but, so far as he knew, had never seen him. He made up his mind to go to her house as an escaped slave who had known her son, and endeavor to obtain information which would lead to the capture of the fugitives. The part would be a hard

one to play and the slightest suspicion on the part of those who frequented the home of Mme Noël would mean death. Vidocq writes:

". . . it was necessary to borrow the name of some thief whom her son or his comrades had mentioned to her in advantageous terms. Moreover, a little resemblance was positively requisite, and I endeavored to recollect if there were not one of the galley slaves who I knew had been associated with "Noël with the Spectacles," and at first I could not remember one of my age, or one whose person and features at all resembled mine. At last, by dint of much effort of memory, I recalled to mind one Germain, alias 'the Captain,' who had been an intimate acquaintance of Noël's. Although our similarity was very slight, yet I determined on personating him.

"Germain, as well as myself, had often escaped from the *bagnes,* and that was perhaps the only point of resemblance between us. He was about my age, but a smaller-framed man. He had dark brown hair, mine was light. He

was thin and I tolerably stout. His complexion was sallow, and mine fair, with a very clear skin. Besides, Germain had an excessively long nose, took a vast deal of snuff, which, begriming his nostrils outside, and stuffing them up within, gave him a peculiarly nasal tone of voice.

"I had much to do in personating Germain; but the difficulty did not deter me. My hair, cut *à la mode des bagnes,* was dyed black, as well as my beard, after it had attained a growth of eight days. To embrown my countenance I washed it with white walnut liquor; and to perfect the imitation, I garnished my upper lip thickly with a kind of coffee-grounds, which I plastered on by means of gum arabic, and thus became as nasal in my twang as Germain himself. My feet were doctored with equal care; I made blisters on them by rubbing in a certain composition, of which I had obtained the receipt at Brest. I also made the marks of the fetters; and when all my toilet was finished, dressed myself in the suitable garb.

"I had neglected nothing which could complete the metamorphosis—neither the shoes nor the marks of those horrid letters G A L. The costume was perfect; and the only thing wanting was a hundred of those companionable insects which people the solitudes of poverty. I procured some for money; and as soon as they were a little accustomed to their new domicile, which was speedily the case, I directed my steps toward the residence of Mme Noël, in the Rue Ticquetonne."

Mother Noël was completely taken in and Vidocq gained information which soon enabled the police to break up her nest of criminals.

Upon another occasion Vidocq was charged with the capture in Paris of a criminal named Fossard, whom the police were most anxious to find, but who continued to elude them. Fossard had repeatedly been sent to the *bagnes,* and each time had made good his escape; he was a desperate character and the author of innumerable thefts in Paris. The police re-

port said of him: "Unequaled for intrepidity and always armed to the teeth, he must be attacked with caution."

The location of Fossard's domicile was not known, though the police had been informed by a member of the underworld that he resided near a market place and that he and his mistress lived in the same house with a hunchbacked seamstress. Vidocq, acting on this slender information, haunted the market places, having first disguised himself as a most respectable old party, with wrinkles, a pigtail, snow-white ruffles, and a large gold-headed cane. He followed a hunchbacked woman to her home, made inquiries and, finding she was a seamstress, visited her apartment. Posing as a wronged husband and describing the Fossard couple as his erring wife and her lover, he moved the little seamstress to sympathy and obtained her promise to aid him. It developed that Fossard and his mistress had lived in that very house, but had moved, and the seamstress did not know where they had

gone. However, through a porter who had helped to remove their goods Vidocq discovered their new address.

Incidentally, a curious side light on the methods of the times is furnished by Vidocq's candid admission of the treatment accorded the unfortunate porter for his aid. The police spy had some reason to suspect that his informer might betray him to Fossard. This possibility he discounted by sending the man to the chief of police with a note supposed to contain an order for a reward to be paid him for his information. The note really read: "Conduct this gentleman to the 'chest' "—and the porter was summarily thrown into jail for safe-keeping until Fossard should have been apprehended.

The new home of Fossard was in the house of a vintner. Vidocq knew the criminal was well supplied with pistols and daggers, and would not hesitate for an instant to murder anyone who tried to arrest him. So the spider began spinning another web of cunning. He

enlisted the aid of the vintner by representing to him, as information coming from the police, that Fossard was planning to rob his wineshop and cut the throats of himself and his wife. These people naturally were eager for Fossard to be taken before he could carry out his design. A small boy, their nephew, was sent to the Fossards in the middle of the night, to say that a relative was ill, and to ask for some *eau de Cologne*. The door was opened by the woman, who was immediately seized by gendarmes and bound. At the same moment Vidocq fell upon Fossard in his bed and trussed him up before he had time to realize what was happening.

Vidocq's riotous sense of humor is clear from his story of a trap set for a notorious receiver of stolen goods who had thus far been too cunning for the police. Vidocq met him one day and claimed his acquaintance, calling him by another name than his own. The receiver declared he was not the person named, but Vidocq insisted, whispering:

"I know very well why you don't want to be recognized—*the police* are looking for you."

The receiver became frightened and offered to go to the police station and prove he was not the person wanted. At the station Vidocq demanded to see his papers; they had been left at home, and in their absence, Vidocq ordered the man to be searched. Twenty-five double napoleons and three gold watches were found upon him, which was suspicious enough to cause him to be detained and brought before a magistrate.

Vidocq then took the articles, wrapped them in the man's own handkerchief, and went to his house, where he showed the handkerchief to the receiver's wife.

"I thought you ought to know that your husband has been arrested," Vidocq confided. "Everything found on him has been seized, and he believes that he has been betrayed. He asked me to come and warn you to have all the property—you know what I mean—removed, for this place is to be searched immediately

and something compromising may be found!"

The woman was greatly alarmed and begged Vidocq to go out and bring three hackney coaches. He did and they were soon loaded up with a great many valuable articles: clocks and watches, candelabra, Etruscan vases, valuable clothes, etc. When all was ready and the coaches about to start, Vidocq signaled his men who were waiting, and the police took the whole procession into custody. There was enough incriminating evidence to convict a thousand men, and the receiver was tried and sentenced.

So well acquainted was Vidocq with the criminals of Paris that he was often able to draw up, from the type and details of a crime committed, a list of the possible suspects. From a glove left by the criminal at the scene of a certain crime, he named the exact man to whom, from its size and style, the glove must belong; and his deduction proved correct.

At another time, a particularly atrocious murder and robbery having been committed, the police were at a loss to find a single clue to

the perpetrator. The victim, an old woman, had been stabbed with a dagger, and Vidocq drew up a list of malefactors who might have used a dagger to kill. None of these names proved correct; moreover, most of the gentlemen on the list could produce alibis, having been confined at the time in one prison or another far from the scene. Vidocq racked his brain and came to the conclusion that the murderer's extreme care to leave no clues pointed to the possibility that he was himself a detective. Perhaps he was one of the men Vidocq himself had taught! He thereupon drew up a new list of suspects, all of them members of his own force. The very first man he confronted broke down and confessed to the crime. Incidentally, it is related that the guilty detective offered Vidocq the entire spoils in payment for silence, and that Vidocq accepted graciously, pocketed the money, and forthwith denounced his subordinate as the robber and murderer; but the spoils (amounting to fifteen thousand francs) were never seen again.

But perhaps the great spy's most celebrated case was the apprehending of a gang of brutal robbers and murderers who operated on the highway. For several months a number of outrages had been committed on roads leading to the capital, with no progress by the police in fastening the crimes on the guilty persons. Finally a butcher on his way to a fair, carrying 1,500 francs in a leather bag, was set upon, brutally attacked, robbed, and left for dead. He had struck up an acquaintance with two other wayfarers who claimed also to be going to the fair with considerable sums to purchase stock. The butcher congratulated himself on having traveling companions, in case there should be robbers about; but it was these who attacked him ferociously with cudgel and dagger. Convinced that they had murdered him, they made off with his 1,500 francs. Although the victim had been dealt twenty-eight stab wounds, he was not dead when discovered by a traveler on the road. His rescuer brought help, he was placed in a hospital, and

two days later had so far improved that he was pronounced out of danger.

The most minute exactitude had been observed in removing the unconscious butcher. Nothing had been neglected which might lead to discovery of the assassins. Accurate impressions were taken of the footmarks; buttons, fragments of paper dyed in blood were carefully collected. And on one jagged piece were written words which appeared to be part of a torn address:

A Monsieur Rao
Marchand de Vins,
Roche
Cli

Vidocq believed the torn address might prove an important clue, and studied it carefully in an effort to complete it. Finally he arrived at the following:

A Monsieur Raoul
Marchand de Vins,
Barrière Rochechouart,
Chausée de Clignancourt.

This indicated that the highwaymen were in league with a wine merchant of that neighborhood, and it developed in fact that there was in the district a wine merchant named Raoul, who was known unfavorably to the police. He was a daring trafficker in contraband goods, and the cabaret kept by him had long been marked out as the rendezvous of a crowd of highly suspicious characters.

This Raoul, however, had contrived to outwit every scheme laid for trapping him. Vidocq accordingly ordered several of his spies to watch the place at all times, to report on the comings and goings of the wine merchant, and to take note of all his acquaintances. They reported that several persons of infamous character called frequently at his house and seemed to be on terms of the greatest intimacy with him. One of these cronies answered to the description given by the wounded butcher of one of the robbers.

Vidocq shadowed this person and found him

to be one Court, who had served many prison terms.

All these circumstances strengthened the spy's conjectures, and he procured warrants for both Raoul and Court. Proceeding to Court's house, he arrested the man and his wife, seizing several loaded pistols, knives, and some clothes which appeared to have been recently washed. Court and his wife were placed in the guardhouse with orders that they be kept apart and carefully watched. Vidocq writes:

"Whenever Court was questioned on the subject a mournful shake of the head was the only answer returned; and eighteen hours elapsed without his opening his lips. His eyes were heavy, and his whole countenance rigid and immovable. This impassivity convinced me but too well that he was guilty. Under similar circumstances, I have almost always observed the two extremes, a profound silence, or a great volubility."

It remained to take Raoul into custody, but Vidocq wished to obtain proofs. He boldly

went to Raoul's cabaret in the morning and announced that the wine merchant was suspected by the police of being a liberal, and of having in his possession quantities of disloyal songs. Raoul was not greatly perturbed at this, for he was innocent of political activities, and readily consented to have Vidocq stay and watch the place. So Vidocq stayed and obligingly helped Raoul to feed the guests of the cabaret. Together they cut up the lamb and veal, prepared turkeys for the spit, and watered the wine. They were alone together all this time, and if Raoul had suspected the real motive of the visit he would certainly have murdered Vidocq.

At four o'clock the commissioner of police arrived and demanded entrance to search the place. Nothing incriminating was found, but Vidocq persuaded Raoul that he should allow them to search his Paris house, too, so that the affair might be concluded. The wine merchant agreed, and they proceeded to the Paris house. There, among his papers, was discov-

ered the remainder of the document from which the address picked up at the scene of the murder had been torn. Raoul, without particular interest, saw Vidocq take up the paper. As Vidocq continued to examine it closely, however, the man's face changed and he apparently remembered some incriminating circumstances in connection with it, for he sprang to seize his loaded pistols from the drawer where they were kept. Vidocq and his men were obliged to overpower him.

Even now the French law allows the third degree and a prisoner may be tricked into a confession. By playing off one against the other, both Raoul and Court were persuaded to make full confessions. They were both guillotined. Nevertheless, strange to say, both bade their captor, Vidocq, an affectionate good-bye, giving him messages for their wives and a keepsake for himself—an attention of which Vidocq was later quite proud. He relates that at the execution the recovered butcher, seeing the tables turned and his would-be assassins

about to lose their heads, endeavored to express his vengeful feelings by pressing as closely as possible to the guillotine, howling and exulting. Vidocq, out of sympathy for the men about to die, saw that the revengeful butcher was summarily removed.

It is said that Vidocq and his agents tempted people to commit crimes in order that they might gain the credit for arresting them. Small wonder if true for the ex-convict was admitted to the service of the police only on condition that he produce a certain number of criminals during a given period! Also, he was to receive a specially apportioned reward for every arrest, according to its importance. His enemies declared that he resorted to perfidious methods in order to make up the required quota. Probably he did, for it is certain that his contemporaries were also guilty of such practices. Particularly, agents of the political police insinuated themselves everywhere, inciting people to treasonable utterances simply in order to arrest or accuse them.

Vidocq's influence in police circles grew rapidly. He was so successful in unraveling crimes, and bagged such great numbers of criminals, that he soon became head of his own force of spies, all recruited from the underworld. He required his men at all times to treat him with the respect accorded to an important personage, but he still spent much of his time cultivating the acquaintance of thieves, prostitutes, and all sorts of low characters on whom he relied for information and unconscious tips.

In 1810 he became *Chef de Police de Sûreté,* remaining in office for seventeen years. Even in this position he did not cease to visit the lowest dives and mingle freely with the scum of Paris. In all these years his remarkably vivid personality was the only thing that saved him from assassination. Once, having gone to a café in disguise, in search of a certain criminal wanted by the police, Vidocq struck up acquaintance with the fellow. Unsuspectingly the hunted man confided that "that wolf

Vidocq" was on his trail, but that he was too cunning for him, and, moreover, he had decided to assassinate the spy. Vidocq, curious, entered into a plan to waylay himself at his own door. The two did actually lie in wait until they were tired out, Vidocq vastly amused and marveling that the would-be assassin was perfectly acquainted with his place of residence and so little familiar with his person. Naturally, the master spy had agents near, and when he was ready, turned his man over to them.

Vidocq necessarily had many enemies, some of the most bitter against him his fellow members of the police. Time and again attempts were made to implicate him in scandal, but he was wary, and proofs were always lacking. Finally, however, matters grew so hot that Vidocq preferred to resign. He started a paper mill outside of Paris, employing no one but ex-convicts and their families. A curious trait of his character was a certain sympathy and pity for the people he persecuted; in his

Memoirs he devotes equal space to inveighing against the criminal classes as vermin who must be exterminated, and crying out against society for its harsh and unjust treatment of these victims of poverty and perverted instincts.

The paper mill failed, however, and Vidocq opened the first private detective agency, which for a time was extremely prosperous. Again he was accused of blackmail and other criminal practices, and was held for three months for trial. There was very little evidence against him, but the judges were determined to secure a conviction. He was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment, but appealed and won his case. Nevertheless, he was financially ruined; his business had gone to wrack; his reputation was such that no one cared to have anything to do with him.

He was now seventy years old. Finally he went to England and made a living by appearing on the lecture platform; some of the leading Englishmen of the time were convinced that he was a victim of the French police, and

he was looked up to as the greatest detective in the world. These lectures supported him for a few years after he returned to Paris, but the last years of his life were miserable and poverty-stricken. He died in 1857 at the age of eighty-two, and it is said his death was more due to lack of food than to old age.

Whatever the faults of his system of police detection, it was the first attempt ever made at anything like a well-equipped detective organization, and proved to be the foundation of our present system of detective police.

TWENTY-ONE SPLINTERS OF GLASS

MANY tales are told of the detection of crime by modern scientific methods; but they resolve, too often, into dreary narratives of mere technical processes of the laboratory and the microscope. What Sergeant Brennan did, however, from twenty-one pieces of broken glass, a few years ago, was such legitimate

magic that the story is not likely to be forgotten.

In the days before the United States had entered the World War, when the streets of New York were not so congested with motor traffic as they are to-day, it was not uncommon to see a horse and buggy in the upper section of the city. Late one June night such a vehicle was passing west along Sixty-ninth Street, between Lexington and Park avenues. It was driven by John McHugh, a foreman of the municipal street-cleaning department, who had just begun his nightly tour of inspection. As the horse reached the corner of Park Avenue and Sixty-ninth Street a speeding automobile approached from the rear, struck the buggy a terrific glancing blow, and, turning the corner sharply, sped uptown into the night.

Patrolman John G. Dwyer, of the Seventieth Street Station, heard the crash and rushed to the scene of the accident. He arrived to find the buggy overturned upon the sidewalk and the unconscious figure of McHugh lying where

it had been hurled, at the foot of a flight of brownstone steps. The speeding car had disappeared. The horse, virtually uninjured, pranced and pawed in a fever of alarm.

The injured man was transported to the Presbyterian Hospital, but there was no hope. He died a few hours later. The victim had been unable to contribute any testimony helpful in identifying the vanished automobile, and no one else had witnessed the accident. A hit-and-run driver, somewhere in the city of five millions of people—but where was he to be found?

It is of course a rule of the police department that in such a situation every scrap of evidence available must be gathered, no matter how trivial and irrelevant it may appear at first glance. Patrolman Dwyer was the very man to carry out this rule to the letter. A thorough search of the ground by him netted twenty-one bits of broken glass. These fragments Dwyer assembled carefully and carried to his superior officers along with his report.

In this he stated that he had made a thorough examination of the scene of the accident, and that from the presence of numerous fresh gasoline stains on the road he was led to believe that the car had sustained a serious injury, which might force it to stop for repairs at some garage not far distant.

Early the next morning, however, a member of the street-cleaning department ran across a hitherto unobserved fragment of rubber. It was about three inches in length, and evidently had been gouged from that tire of the automobile which might reasonably be supposed to have collided with the buggy. This fragment, together with the twenty-one pieces of glass, constituted the entire evidence available in the case.

The officials of the police department, aware of the slenderness of the clues, cast about for a suitable man to undertake the almost impossible task of tracking down the automobile and its driver.

It soon became apparent that the logical man for the job was Sergeant John F. Brennan, then instructor of automobile identification in the training school of the department. For years Brennan had been teaching rookies and seasoned traffic policemen that automobiles are very like people, and that the various parts of an automobile are quite as distinctive, and may be recognized as easily, as the features of the human face. It was the theory of the sergeant that a policeman need never enter the court room to testify in a case, and say:

"Your honor, I think that this was the car," or "I know that this is the car"; but might say rather: "Your honor, this *is* the car, and here are the reasons why it can't be any other."

It was obvious to the sergeant's superiors that the time had come to test his theories, so the case was duly turned over to him, although slight hope was entertained that success would result from so slim an array of evidence.

Sergeant Brennan immediately set about piecing together the twenty-one fragments of

glass in an attempt to reconstruct the lenses of which they had been a part. The fragments proved to have been broken from two distinct types of lens: plain, and concave-convex.

From traces of soot in corrugations of the latter fragments the sergeant deduced that this lens was from an oil light. With the aid of a compass he then completed the circles of the lenses and established that the oil lens had been six inches in diameter and that the others (the two plain lenses) had been eight inches in diameter. He arrived at the conclusion that the latter lenses were from gas lights. In a similar manner the curve of the rubber fragment was traced and extended. He deduced that it was a part of a four-inch tire.

The sergeant then pieced the fragments together in many different ways, and at length he struck a combination that yielded a series of marks. These, he discovered, were small numerals, and he construed them to be a date of patent. Thereupon he set out for the patent room of the New York Public Library and

was rewarded by the discovery that the manufacturer of the lens must have been the Macbeth Company, of Pittsburgh. He wrote immediately, and from this concern it was learned that the lens was of an antiquated type, and had not been manufactured since 1912.

The sergeant then proceeded to an examination of the buggy itself. Upon applying his magnifying glass to one of the shafts, a number of fragments of gray paint clinging to the splintered wood became distinguishable. There was little doubt in the sergeant's mind that this shaft of the buggy had scraped along the side of the automobile in the collision.

From the facts thus established, and from his familiarity with automobile design, the sergeant deduced that the car was probably a 1909 Packard, Model 18, painted gray. Also that it might be found in a garage, since it probably needed repairs because of the injuries sustained in the accident.

Orders were then issued to the police to check up on all cars answering the descrip-

tion furnished by the sergeant. Many such were found but not one which might be supposed to be that of the hit-and-run driver. Finally it was learned, however, from the owner of an automobile repair shop in Long Island City, that a gray Packard, of 1909 construction, was in rental service somewhere in Yorkville, New York. Accordingly the garages of Yorkville were searched and suspicion at length fell upon a certain garage, where, it was rumored, this particular gray Packard had been stored.

Now under a severe examination the foreman of the garage admitted that such a car had been stored there. But, he said, it had left two days previous for an unknown destination. The owner of the car, according to the foreman's testimony, was Louis Casella, of 113 East Seventy-fifth Street, New York.

Sergeant Brennan thereupon proceeded to the home of Casella but could gain no information there as to where he might be found. The sergeant, however, observed that mail received

at the house was postmarked Allenhurst, New Jersey—a small town fifty miles south of New York.

At last the sergeant felt that he was nearing the end of his quest. Proceeding to Allenhurst, he began a search of the garages of the town and was not long in discovering a car whose every detail tallied with his hypothetical description of the hit-and-run automobile. Mr. Casella soon turned up, and upon being questioned by the sergeant, showed himself to be well armed with alibis. Brennan nevertheless felt confident that he had found the man; but the evidence in his possession was insufficient to justify an arrest.

During his examination of the suspect's automobile the sergeant had contrived to detach a small piece of rubber from the tire which, in his opinion, had collided with the buggy. This he gave to a chemist along with the original fragment. After an analysis the chemist pronounced both fragments parts of automobile tires of the same make.

Sergeant Brennan now drew up his report to the detective bureau. It ran:

The automobile that struck the buggy in which Foreman McHugh was driving is a Packard, 1909, Model 18, gray with white stripes, nickel lamps, license No. 67388. It is owned by Louis Casella, of 113 East Seventy-fifth Street, New York.

I have traced this car to Deal's Garage, Allenhurst, New Jersey, and can state positively that it is the car of the collision.

When the sergeant, with the assistance of Detective Edward J. Cousins, had run down the receipted bills covering the garage repairs on the automobile for injuries sustained in the accident, the complete evidence was assembled and an indictment of murder in the first degree was returned.

But in the meantime Casella had disappeared, and no trace of him could be found. He had still to learn, however, more of the resourcefulness of Sergeant Brennan, who quickly determined on a course of action to meet the new situation. Brennan guessed that

Casella's first move would be to consult a lawyer.

It was comparatively easy to discover the name and address of Casella's lawyer. Once it was in Brennan's possession he hid himself in a convenient telephone booth outside the door of the lawyer's office, and waited, having first arranged the booth door so that the rays of light falling upon the glass would prevent passers-by from seeing within. Here the sergeant stood for many hours, suffering in the gruelling heat. And finally Casella came.

CONSTABULARY VS. DISTRICT TUBBERCURRY

WHEN detectives are confronted by the undivided hostility of the citizenry their work necessarily becomes immensely more difficult. It was once in Ireland much the same as in India. The inspectors of the famous Royal Irish Constabulary sometimes found themselves blocked on every side in the pursuit of

criminals, because the Constabulary was regarded by the Irish peasantry as the common enemy. No matter how inexcusable the crime, the populace made it a point of honor to shield the criminal and outwit the peelers. And while in India the people commonly acted in this way through fear or intimidation, in Ireland it was done largely for the pure relish of the thing.

Garrow Green became a district inspector in the Royal Irish Constabulary at a time when that famous corps was comprised of rather unusual men. They were men rarely met with in the ranks of professional police forces; sons and heirs of embarrassed or ruined landed Irish gentry; sons of well-to-do farmers; students, school-teachers, and a sprinkling of literary men. They had a hard time with criminals, but perhaps even harder with the peasantry.

One of their most hated duties was the policing of cattle fairs, which were attended by a whole countryside. Toward night the entire

crowd of peasants, numbering perhaps two or three thousand, would be howling drunk. Fights started which often grew into a grand scrimmage, in which the thirty or forty members of the constabulary on duty would have to intervene. Then the combatants invariably forgot their grievances among their own numbers, and both sides turned their attention to the vanquishing of the hated peelers. Many were the members of the constabulary who were killed or mutilated at these rows.

It was in District Tubbercurry, in County Sligo, that District Inspector Green first learned the utter impassableness of the wall of hatred which the populace had built between themselves and the police. A murderer of the most brutal type was protected and cherished as though he were a public benefactor. It was only after years of defeat that the Royal Irish Constabulary was finally successful in the grim pursuit of Thomas Hunt, the Tubbercurry murderer.

Constabulary vs. *District Tubbercurry*

One night Inspector Green was called from his dinner by the head constable, who reported the finding of the body of a murdered man at the roadside. He started at once to investigate, and on the way the constable explained the circumstances.

One Thomas Hunt had left the farm held by his relatives some years before and had gone to America. In the meantime his relatives had let one field to a respectable grazier. Hunt had returned only a month before and had set up a claim to this field, to which he had no legal right whatever. The occupant naturally refused to give it up, and a series of hot disputes took place between the two. However, they had been seen together, apparently on good terms, at a fair which had been held that very day. They had left together for their homes at four o'clock. Three hours later a farmer had found the body of the unfortunate grazier. A party had turned out to look for Thomas Hunt, two constables had been posted to guard the corpse, and the cor-

oner had been duly notified, when Inspector Green arrived upon the scene of the crime.

"The scene was a weird and impressive one," the inspector told. "On a lonely, treeless road lay the body of the murdered man with the armed constable standing sentry over it. The clothes were covered with the dust of a struggle, and the face was almost unrecognizable with disfiguring bruises and blood-stains. The skull had been beaten in with heavy stones. Its appearance suggested exactly that of an egg cracked by the spoon, and the furious savagery of the attack was most apparent. Groups of awe-struck peasants were standing about conversing in low tones, and a huge bonfire blazed on the side of the road, throwing out a lurid light and creating fantastic shadows. And a sickly moon shone down.

"A brief scrutiny was all we had time for there; our duty lay in seeking the perpetrator, and we could not delay. The police guard was relieved, my horse stabled, and with an augmented patrol we started at once. On reaching

the cabin where Hunt had been lodged with a cousin, we found our men who had initiated the search. They had neither seen nor heard anything of him. I left them there ambushed on the remote contingency of his turning up, and we set out.

"Of course, no warrant for search was necessary, and we proceeded to make an exhaustive one over a large tract of country—wild, desolate moor, for the most part, and sparsely inhabited. Every spot which seemed to offer a chance of concealment was tried, as well as every cabin, whether the inmates were connected with Hunt or not.

"Some of these cabins afforded curious glimpses of the primitive yet usual habits of the peasantry. Many doors were unfastened, and we would stumble over a huge sow on passing the threshold, and discover on lighting a lantern a happy couple snoring in concert with their almost naked children gracefully disposed at the foot of the bed, while a collection of fowls roosted on the woodwork. On

becoming awake to our unwelcome presence, the man would spring out, and, regarding us with a malevolent glare, expostulate regarding the violation of the domestic harmony. His wife would endeavor to curb his indignation while the search proceeded; and the cocks, anticipating the dawn, would join in. Some couples would deprecate the crime; others would unite in indignant cursings. Add to this the sympathetic grunts of the pig and the barking of the dog in accompaniment, until the din was not altogether unlike the tuning up of an orchestra.

"Besides these visitations, we overturned ricks of turf, and bayoneted haystacks; we crept along potato furrows and investigated every description of shed or arbor which presented itself. Every inquiry for the fugitive was met with the same vacant stare and the stereotyped:

" 'Och, the divil a bit ov us seen sight nor light ov him since yestherday!'

"By eight next morning we had thoroughly

done a wide circuit, and walked over thirty miles, yet we were no wiser than when we started. A fresh party took another line for the day while we got some sleep to fit us for another night of it.

"And so, day and night, the search for the murderer went on. Forty men from the adjoining county of Mayo were placed at my disposal and we beat up immense tracts of country; but always with the same result. We began to have quite a spectral appearance—and were no doubt even more obnoxious apparitions to the country people than ghosts would have been. The worst of it was that reports of Hunt's whereabouts came as regularly as the post. One morning a breathless patrol would come in to announce that he had been seen at such a place; that evening another would report that his location was in a diametrically opposite direction. Upon receipt of the tidings, off we would rush, to return after many weary hours, worn out and dispirited.

"It was impossible to avoid noticing the sec-

ret jubilation of the peasantry at our unprofitable quests. Ireland is indeed a strange country, and even Sherlock Holmes himself would have there no *métier*. Anyone unaccustomed to its eccentricities would suppose that when so unprovoked and barbarous a crime had been committed in their midst the people would endeavor to wipe out the crimson stain and retrieve the name of the locality by giving the information which they certainly could have done if disposed. But no, they felt their honor was concerned in affording shelter and help of every sort to the outlaw, and the news which sent us on many a wild-goose chase was artfully contrived in order to keep Hunt beyond our reach. A month passed and no clue could we get."

Inspector Green's men became fagged out and despondent. The county inspector wrote praising their efforts and urging them on, but they were without hope. At length they heard from a reliable source that the doctor, an intimate of Inspector Green, was actually treat-

ing the murderer for footsores, the result of his constant exertions to evade the police. The inspector went to his friend and taxed him with this disloyalty. He begged for a private hint as to the whereabouts of the fugitive. The doctor admitted the truth of the story, but refused point-blank to betray his patient to the law. To all arguments and entreaties he replied that it was impossible for him to commit such a breach of professional honor.

"The man, guilty though he is, trusts me, and his friends trust me," he said firmly, "and I could not and would not give him up."

One bleak winter day Inspector Green and thirty of his men were searching a wild, heathy waste. The road crossed a small river, over a bridge supported by arches. Under these arches the constabulary had searched many, many times for the criminal, among the loose boulders and whin-bushes. On this occasion, just as they approached the bridge, a man was seen tearing down the road in great excitement.

"We have him surrounded in a bog up there, sir," he gasped. "Come on, sir!"

The inspector found some of his men deployed around a few acres of heath, and the object which they fondly believed to be the murderer proved to be only some black turf sods laid in a furze bush.

That very evening Green learned from his friend the doctor that he had, for a moment, stood just over his quarry. Hunt, dead beat, had been lying under the very bridge they had been about to investigate when lured off on the false scent!

Nothing could be gained by watching the doctor's movements, for every little boy and every girl was enlisted in a "secret service" to foil the police. When the doctor was expected, such a chain of communication would be laid that no disguise, no movement, would baffle these sentries.

For still another month Inspector Green continued the pursuit. Then a rumor gained ground that the murderer had made good his

escape and fled to America. It was confirmed by the changed demeanor of the people. They seemed elated, and jeered at the defeat of the constabulary. The inspector and his men, worn out and discouraged, were returned to their ordinary duties.

But the Royal Irish Constabulary had not abandoned the pursuit of the Tubbercurry murderer. Thomas Hunt had gone to America once before and had returned to his native land.

"He will come back," the constabulary said, "either from homesickness or from that strange physical attraction which sometimes brings a murderer back to the scene of his crime."

So they set a watch which went on for years. Liverpool was the most likely place. The passengers who disembarked at that seaport, although they never knew it, were keenly scrutinized by constabulary detectives. Nevertheless, when Thomas Hunt came back he slipped by them. It is presumed that he entered disguised as an old woman.

But the wariest of criminals relax at times from the maddening, wearing strain of constant alertness. Thomas Hunt, now out of his disguise, lingered a day in the Irish quarter of Liverpool. One of the detectives of the Royal Irish Constabulary caught a fleeting glimpse of a man turning a corner. He shadowed him, got a better look, and closed in. It was Hunt.

Thomas Hunt confessed and was subsequently hanged. He had escaped from the Tubbercurry district in the disguise of a woman, but could not finally elude the persistence of the constabulary.

THE SECRET OF THE CONRAD DOOR

EVEN the hardened detectives of the Berlin police were shocked at the sight which met their eyes one morning in 1881, in a humble flat occupied by the family of Conrad, a truck driver. In one corner of the poorly furnished room the dead body of the mother of the family hung by a short rope from a great hook in the

wall, while within the large wardrobe closet the bodies of her five small children dangled from pegs in ghastly array. Horrible, thought the police—but they did not then know how horrible it was.

To gain entrance to the room the police had been compelled to force a stout door, found locked on the inside by a substantial bolt. There was no other exit from the room, and the police naturally assumed that Frau Conrad had hanged her children and then herself in despair, for there were evidences of dire poverty. It was known, moreover, that she had recently been deserted by her husband.

Nothing on the scene of the tragedy contradicted this theory. What could be more obvious? The circumstances fitted all the conventions of a wholesale child-killing and subsequent suicide of despairing parent.

But it happened that there was in Berlin at this time an examining magistrate of the criminal court, named Hollmann, whose profound interest in human psychology was exceeded

only by his imagination as a detective. It struck him as remarkable that a mother, even though acting murderously from despair, should have inflicted a painful and horrible death upon her children, one by one, and arrayed them in so ghastly a way. It came to him that there was no talk of her ever seeming insane or even bordering on insanity. And at length it reached his ears that the husband, Conrad, the truck driver, was the subject of many stories in the neighborhood where he had resided with his family until a short time before.

"He is a clever man, Conrad," some neighbors said.

"He knows more than most of us," the butcher volunteered. "He reads a great deal. I personally know that he has many books."

Investigation revealed to Hollmann that Conrad was indeed an interesting character. He had a reputation as something of an intellectual in spite of his unimportant work of driving horses. In morals he was hypocritical. He was glib and astute, and possessed rare pres-

ence of mind. Here, said Hollmann to himself, is a man who might have the imagination to plan the "perfect" crime—and possibly the nerve to carry it out. Might it not be that the fellow had murdered his wife and children and set the stage to convince the authorities that it had been done by a despairing mother? Did he have any concealed motive for getting his family out of the way?

Conrad, who protested great despair over the tragedy, was investigated—with startling results. It was learned that he had become infatuated with a girl thirty years younger than himself, and had for some time been carrying on a clandestine affair with her. She was a servant girl. He had been seeing her frequently since the date of the desertion of his family. The police became aroused.

Hollmann, the examining magistrate or judge, was a specialist in complicated murder cases, but he had never met with as perplexing a mystery as this. Was Conrad guilty? It would be his duty as investigating official (the Ger-

man judge also functioned as detective and prosecutor in criminal cases) to place before the jury clear proof of Conrad's guilt. He investigated searchingly and was compelled to admit to himself that he could not make out a satisfactory case. Frau Conrad's door had been found locked inside by means of a stout bolt which shot into a socket screwed into the door frame.

"Obviously," Hollmann said, "it could have been shot only by someone on the inside of the room; it is one of those ordinary bolts with a small upright handle which you take between two fingers and slide over till it can go no farther. Then your door is locked."

"If Conrad murdered his family," said a friend, "he must have filtered out of the room in thin air, for there is not even a window in the room. Not even a keyhole in the door. Are you *certain* the door was bolted when the police broke in?"

Hollmann said that he was. The police were clear on this point and the condition of the

bolt and socket confirmed it. He determined to reflect on the mystery.

Meanwhile Conrad had withstood critical questioning with cool self-possession. He presented an elaborate alibi in addition to his general protestations, and wound up by asserting that there was no doubt in his mind that "bitter want" had driven his wife to the deed. He quoted many details which seemed to add verisimilitude to his testimony.

The police looked into these details and found some of them unconvincing. They also found flaws in his alibi; it *might* be almost broken up in court. The "bitter want" theory could be discredited, they believed, through testimony of neighbors. And the more they studied Conrad, the more they became certain that he had foully murdered his whole family —and the less certain that there was enough evidence to convict him of it.

Hollmann felt his powers challenged. He let his imagination run. What would a man of Conrad's character do in planning the "per-

fect" crime? He was hardly a creative intellect. People said he was a great reader of books. And what about his correspondence, letters from the servant-girl mistress? Conrad's room had been searched, and no letters had been found. It must be searched carefully again. Hollmann went himself to investigate the truck driver's room while Conrad was in custody.

The investigator's eye was soon attracted to the driver's bookshelves. He noted that most of the volumes were sensational novels. It occurred to him that Conrad might have concealed some of his mistress's letters between the pages—with many persons of Conrad's class a custom in preserving correspondence—and he sought them for additional evidence. He examined many books carefully, but found nothing.

At last he picked out of the shelves a rather thick novel. It was entitled *Nena Sahib,* by John Ratcliffe. He started to open it and the book surprised him by falling automatically

open to a certain division between pages, as if it had been repeatedly opened at that spot before. The pages at which it opened seemed to have been read and reread, for they were somewhat soiled and worn. Hollmann fell to reading the text of those pages.

A nobleman from India, the narrative ran, is found dead in his London mansion, apparently a suicide.

Hollmann riveted his eyes on the book with increased interest.

When the body is discovered, the narrative ran, the only means of exit from the room is a door found locked from the inside by a sliding bolt!

Nothing could have torn Hollmann from the novel.

A brilliant English detective, the narrative ran, solves the mystery by looking for and finding a little hole above the bolt near the edge of the door, through which a loop of wire could have been passed inside from without to catch the handle of the bolt and slide it into

the socket! And the detective finds the little hole cleverly stopped up with putty colored to match the surface of the door!

Away flew Hollmann with the shrieking novel under his arm, straight to the room of poor Frau Conrad. The door was sequestered. Its surface was given the most minute examination under the microscope. There could no longer be doubt: there was the blabbing hole, almost precisely in the location described by the fiction writer who had planted the ingenuity in Conrad's brain. A small hole, it was stopped up cunningly with sealing wax and thus effectively camouflaged.

They even found in the wax two fragments of a tough hairlike substance which proved to be horsehair—the stuff which had formed the supple loop by which the murderer had caught the handle on the bolt and slid it into its socket from outside the door.

Hollmann's imagination and extraordinarily keen powers of observation had told in the long run. The jury found it impossible not

to convict Conrad of the murder of his family, and he was sentenced and hanged. He had wiped out of existence his wife and five small children because they were obstacles to his intended marriage with the servant girl. But like many ingenious criminals, he had neither thought of destroying every clue nor reckoned on detective brains superior to his own.

THE TRIUMPH OF KALI DASS

KALI DASS, one of the most brilliant of the native detectives of India, was a protégé of C. E. Gouldsbury, late of the Indian Police in the Province of Bengal. Under the direction of the Englishman he performed what has come to be known as one of the classics of crime detection.

Kali Dass was a low-caste Bengali, dark

almost to the point of blackness. In the beginning he was a *chokidar,* or village watchman, in an unimportant town in the teeming district of Patna. He had therefore the opportunity of all native Indian policemen to learn at first hand of the subtleties of crime as it is practised there professionally. And it cannot be denied that Kali Dass, like Vidocq, the famous Frenchman, began his career with something of a cloud on his reputation. Superintendent Gouldsbury, his discoverer, first employed him to reveal the inner secrets of a burglary gang of whose operations Kali Dass, in his capacity of policeman, should have reported much sooner than he did. At any rate, Kali Dass reformed, and, master of disguise that he was, was able to accomplish what no white man ever could have done in the detection of crime.

An outrageous murder had occurred in a Bengali village. A well-to-do native had been brutally stabbed and clubbed to death in his bed as he slept. His wife's life had been threatened by the murderers—of whom there were

several—and numerous valuables were missing, so the widow testified. The local police were completely baffled, and Superintendent Gouldsbury, after investigating the matter, found himself at an impasse. There were no clues. The situation was further complicated by the presence in the village of two warring factions. The police guessed that the crime might logically be laid to the hands of the larger faction, but as in all such cases in India, evidence was very hard to obtain. There was not a person in the village but knew well that any testimony in the matter would probably cost him his life.

"It was just one of those cases," Superintendent Gouldsbury tells, "in which an individual unconnected with either party, like Kali Dass, would be likely to obtain a clue which might subsequently be followed up by the police and lead to the discovery of the murderers. I put him in possession of the facts, so far as had yet been ascertained, and it was finally arranged that he should take up his

quarters in the village—suitably disguised—and report personally from time to time how he was progressing. Meanwhile, to further his chances of success, I told him I would order the official inquiry to be closed and withdraw the police from the village, so as to give the impression that they had failed and had abandoned the investigation.

"Our next interview had been fixed for a date some three weeks later at the same place. Accordingly, on the day appointed, I rode out again and found my amateur detective, admirably disguised in the garb of a fakir, awaiting my arrival. He was full of information; in fact, within this comparatively short period, had not only found a clue, but had practically discovered who were the persons actually concerned in the murder, together with a full history of the crime, and the reasons which had led to its commission.

"On arrival at the village he had been invited, in his rôle of religious mendicant, to take up his quarters in the house of an old black-

smith, who happened to be a relative of the murdered man. Here Kali Dass had come across an old acquaintance in the person of *a deaf and dumb dwarf,* with whom he had formerly been associated when wandering round the country with a traveling band, of whom the little deaf-mute was a member, as one of the side shows of the performance. He had struck up a great friendship with his diminutive companion and, by dint of constant practice, had become thoroughly conversant with a peculiar kind of sign language used by the latter. Conversing with him now, by means of this same language, Kali Dass had ascertained from his old comrade that for some months past he had been a protégé of the murdered man. Indeed, the dwarf had lived with him and his wife as a servant, in the house in which the murder had been committed, till the very morning on which the crime was discovered.

"On the night of the murder the dwarf was sleeping as usual in a room connected by a

passage with the one occupied by the couple; but feeling chilly, he had crept quietly into the passage, and wrapping himself up in some gunny bags kept there, had gone off to sleep. Although the passage was in darkness, there was a light in his master's room. The dwarf, happening to awake in the middle of the night, saw the wife get out of bed, look cautiously around, and unfasten the front door. Four men then entered, one of whom he recognized as her reputed lover, and the other three as his brothers, all belonging to the village, and sons of one of the most influential persons in it. Two of the four were armed; one, the lover, with a dagger, and another carrying a short club. Standing listening for a while, they crept stealthily toward the bed; then, of the two who were unarmed, one thrust a cloth into the mouth of the sleeping man at the same time as the other seized him by the arms. The other two then set upon him, striking savagely with knife and club as he struggled to get free. They continued their blows till satisfied that life was

quite extinct; then they broke open a big chest and, scattering its contents, went out as they had entered. They took their weapons with them, little thinking that they had left behind an eyewitness of their crime.

"The woman, during the awful tragedy, had been standing with her back against the door. She now rebolted it and, picking up some of the jewelry and small valuables which had been thrown out of the chest, buried them in a hole which she dug in a corner of the floor, evidently to add to the impression that robbery had been the motive for the crime. Then, with the last careful survey of the room, she forced open the door and ran shrieking into the road that her husband had been murdered.

"Meanwhile the wretched deaf-mute, half paralyzed with terror at the scene he had witnessed, lay shivering in his gunny-bag inclosure till he realized that if found there he might be suspected or summoned to give evidence—which with most natives is almost as much dreaded—so he crept back to his room,

where he lay pretending to be asleep till roused by the police. He had been questioned by the latter, but here his affliction stood him in good stead; when finally made to understand by signs the purport of the questions, he replied by the same means that he had been asleep all night and knew nothing of what had occurred! He had been detained on suspicion for some hours and kept under observation during the course of the inquiry but, there being no evidence against him, was finally released, and had since lived with his present master, to whom he had not divulged his secret.

"Such was the substance of the story which Kali Dass, with commendable ingenuity, had extracted from the dwarf—most of which, he told me, the latter had acted in dumb show. He was willing to repeat it to me, provided there were no 'red-puggree' men (meaning the police) present—by no means an unusual proviso in those days when the rank and file of the new police force were regarded by most villagers with feelings of distrust.

"The description of the manner in which the murder had been committed tallied completely with the medical testimony (based on the post mortem), both as to the nature of the injuries and weapons believed to have been used. It gave a semblance of reality to a story otherwise somewhat suspiciously circumstantial. I accordingly determined to visit the village at once and question this dwarf myself; so, telling Kali Dass of my intention to do so the next day, and warning him of the necessity of keeping the matter secret, I hurried to make my preparations.

"The village was some fifteen miles from my headquarters, as was also the police station, to which I dispatched an officer and ten men in plain clothes, timing their dispatch so that they should arrive about the same time as myself and be available in case any arrests had to be made; but I said nothing to them of the duty they were sent on.

"The next morning I started early, catching up the party within a few miles of their desti-

nation, and rode on to the station, where I awaited their arrival. Meanwhile informing the station officer of the purport of my visit, I told him to be in readiness to accompany me in plain clothes. About a couple of hours later, on the arrival of the others—it being now nearly twelve o'clock—most of the villagers were preparing or eating their midday meal. Among them was Kali Dass, or the 'Baba-Jee' as they now called him, and a weird-looking individual whom I concluded was the dwarf. Standing scarcely three feet six inches in height, he might at first sight have been mistaken for a boy but for his abnormally large head added to a strangely wizened face and long orang-outang-like arms, all of which suggested an ancestry not altogether human.

"Catching sight of me, he pushed his way excitedly through the crowd and, making a low salaam, first pointed to himself, giving utterance to some sounds, doubtless intended to convey his meaning, but which were wholly unintelligible. Then, beckoning for me to fol-

low him, he started off in the direction of a hut a little distance off. His intention was evidently to take me to the hut in which the murder had been committed and where the surroundings would enable him more easily to reconstruct the crime, but as it was not advisable that this should be done before the men suspected had been secured, I determined to arrest them first if possible. Accordingly, pretending I did not understand, I signed to him to wait and, appealing to the villagers crowding round, asked whether any of them could question him in some way as to his 'strange conduct.'

"None of them seemed able or willing to do so, till at last the 'Baba-Jee,' alias Kali Dass, taking advantage of the situation (as I had intended he should), pushed his way to the front. Without a sign of recognition on his ash-besmeared countenance he said that 'if the Huzoor would permit, he thought he might perhaps be able to make the afflicted one understand him.'

"I answered him in Bengali—a language I

knew the others would not be likely to know—saying that I wished to have the suspected persons identified at once, at the same time telling my sub-inspector in English to have his men ready to arrest anyone the dwarf might point out, and to see that none of those present left till this was done. Meanwhile all eyes were turned on the strangely assorted pair who, without the use of words, seemed to be conversing without difficulty and in a manner apparently mutually intelligible. Most of this silent talking, however, was being done by Kali Dass, whose conversational powers were evidently not to be impeded by any such trifling difficulty as a privation of speech, his many strange and varied gestures being clearly as eloquent as words. And that his companion fully understood the purport of these pantomimic proceedings was evident from the look of intelligence on his face and an occasional nodding of the head as he grasped their meaning.

"The strange conference did not last many

minutes, and at its conclusion the dwarf, showing his approval by several nods, now slowly pushed his way through the crowd of wondering rustics looking fixedly at each one as he passed, till he came to two stalwart young men of superior bearing who were standing side by side. Pointing excitedly to them he made desperate attempts to speak, but in vain, his efforts resulting merely in some incoherent sounds. Immediately afterward he pointed out two more, all of whom at a sign from the sub-inspector were promptly taken charge of by his plain-clothes police.

"There was now only the woman left to be identified and, as I knew we should probably find her at the hut, I went on there with my prisoners who, I noticed, seemed much taken aback—in fact, were apparently too surprised at the turn events had taken even to ask for any explanation.

"On arrival at the hut we found two women outside employed in husking paddy, one of them quite young and of remarkably prepos-

sessing appearance. On seeing us, she attempted to get away, but the dwarf was too quick for her and, running forward, seized her by the wrist and, half leading, half dragging the struggling woman, brought her up to me. Pointing alternately at this woman and to one of the two prisoners first arrested, a rather good-looking youth, he was evidently trying to inform me that he and the woman were the chief offenders. Hence I concluded that the youth must be the lover already mentioned.

"The woman was handed over to the police. I now went inside the hut, taking with me the five prisoners duly guarded, the headmen of the village, the dwarf, and Kali Dass, in his capacity of interpreter; and commenced my inquiry into the case. With practically the whole village shielding the accused, and a deaf-mute as the only witness for the Crown, the prospects of a successful issue were not encouraging. However, having embarked on the undertaking I was determined to proceed with it.

"We had no sooner entered the hut than the dwarf, walking over to one corner of it, indicated by signs that one of the constables should lie down there, evidently to represent the murdered man and, this being done, he took the woman by the arm and made her lie beside him. Then, going into a dark passage leading from the room, took up some gunny bags and, wrapping one or two round him, lay down himself. Then, in an admirably enacted dumb show, interpreted here and there by Kali Dass, he described the subsequent proceedings, from the time the woman had opened the door and let in the four prisoners, up to the actual commission of the crime itself.

"So far the history of the murder was revealed, and there now remained only to discover what particular part in it had been taken by each of the males accused—a problem under the circumstances somewhat difficult to solve. But here again the resources of the deaf-mute were not found wanting, for on the difficulty being explained to him by Kali Dass, he soon

hit upon a plan for overcoming it. Signing to the constable to lie down again, he selected two of the prisoners and took them up to him; then, pointing to one of them, rolled up a piece of his own clothing into a ball and, before the unsuspecting representative of the law had time to object, forced it into his mouth. He followed up this attack by seizing hold of his arms as he indicated the other prisoner. He then led up the other two accused men, again in the well-acted dumb show, too realistic to be misunderstood, represented how one of them had stabbed the prostrate figure while the other, with some weapon grasped in both hands, showered down blows upon the head.

"At the close of this very vivid representation the constable got up and, looking about him in terror-stricken wonder, seemed quite relieved at finding himself alive and uninjured, as was not unnatural, considering the verisimilitude of the performance.

"The five suspected persons, now formally charged with the offense, emphatically repudi-

ated all knowledge of the matter, especially the woman. She, not satisfied with protesting her own innocence, made a counter-charge against the dwarf, accusing him of having committed the crime himself!

" 'There is the man who killed my poor husband,' she exclaimed, 'that misshapen, evil-minded monster!'

" 'Now to save himself he has made up this false story,' she went on, pointing to the dwarf. Then, thinking to strengthen the accusation, she asked Kali Dass to question him as to 'what he had done with the jewelry he had stolen,' thus playing her last trump, so to speak, little guessing that she was thereby supplying another link in the chain of evidence against herself. For, as it so happened, the dwarf, in his anxiety to describe the manner in which the murder had been actually committed, had—on this occasion—omitted to represent her subsequent concealment of the jewelry—an incident I also had forgotten. But now that I was reminded of it, I realized how important the

finding of the jewelry would be, so I procured a spear from one of the *chokidars* outside and ordered one of my men to dig up the floor. The dwarf, quick to guess our purpose, indicated the exact spot.

"The plinth on which the hut was built was, as is usual, of mud, and very easy to excavate. The man had hardly dug six inches down when he came upon a bundle, which on being opened was found to contain several articles of gold and silver—mostly jewelry of the kind worn by native women.

"From the look of surprise on the faces of the male prisoners it was evident that they knew nothing of this matter. The woman, on the other hand, seemed utterly dumbfounded. Though she still protested her innocence I could see that she thought that the game was nearly up. The case against the prisoners might now be considered complete; and by the ordinary individual, to have been proved beyond the shadow of doubt. Still, the 'oral (?) evidence' was of such an extraordinary nature

that it was quite possible that the court might refuse to admit it."

Superintendent Gouldsbury, however, took prompt steps to round out the evidence which Kali Dass had been at such pains to gather. He had the woman locked up, and later made frequent visits to her cell, questioning her repeatedly. It was not long before she confessed, weeping, to the various details of the crime, and the part she played in it. Her confession incriminated herself and all four of her accomplices, nor did she fail to specify which of them was her lover, and which two had dealt the blows in carrying out the brutal murder of her husband. Her story coincided exactly with that told by the dwarf to Kali Dass except that she added (perhaps untruthfully) that it was her lover who first suggested the murder of her husband and finally forced her to help him accomplish it.

Uncertain how to proceed to gain additional evidence against the actual slayers, Superintendent Gouldsbury went to consult Kali Dass.

He found him at the center of a group of natives; Kali Dass was spellbinding them in the guise of a "holy man" who had been on a pilgrimage to the Holy City of Benares!

Kali Dass managed to withdraw from the circle of his audience. He then advised Gouldsbury to search the thatched roofs of the houses of the two men suspected as the actual slayers in the case. This they immediately set about doing, and although the local police had already searched the houses, Kali Dass and Gouldsbury now found, above the ceiling of one house, the knife, the bludgeon, and the bloodstained clothes which the killers had worn on the night of the crime.

The chain of evidence was now complete. The prisoners were taken before the magistrate and charged with murder. The court room was crowded, and great excitement reigned in the village because of the prominence of the prisoners. All went smoothly until the time came for administering the oath to the dwarf. Here the opposing lawyers wrangled.

How, it was asked, could the dwarf's testimony be admitted, since it was obvious that he could not *make oath?* This matter was finally settled when the judge ruled that the "Baba-Jee" (Kali Dass) who was to act as interpreter should be able to convey to the dwarf the idea of an oath.

Kali Dass had been until now merely one of the crowd of curious spectators. Now, however, he was called and told to instruct the dwarf in the process of taking an oath. This he did with an unmistakable and elaborate pantomime, highly appreciated by the court, and followed by the dwarf with apparent interest. Finally an expression of intelligence lighted the perplexed face of the dwarf, he nodded his head in understanding and stepped into the witness box. He then told his story by a repetition of the dumb show he had enacted for the benefit of Gouldsbury at the house in which the murder had been committed. In every detail it was the same as before.

The widow of the murdered man then identi-

fied the weapons and the bloodstained clothing, and this was corroborated by other witnesses. The result was that the four accused men were charged with the murder. Although they denied all knowledge of the crime and produced several witnesses in an attempt to prove their innocence, they were committed to stand their trial at an early session of the court.

The evidence of the deaf and dumb dwarf, taken in the same manner as before, was a feature of the trial. All four prisoners were found guilty and sentenced to be hanged.

A few minutes after the judgment was pronounced the "Baba-Jee" departed on another "holy pilgrimage to Benares" and did not return until some weeks later, and then in a quite different guise—so different, in fact, that Superintendent Gouldsbury hardly knew him when they met.

Kali Dass was a real detective.

THE DARING FEAT OF "JAMES McKENNA"

IT ALL began in Ireland. The first secret society of "Ribbon Men," later known as the "Molly Maguires," was organized there for the protection of tenants against landlords. Like many another band specializing in the redressing of wrongs, or the punishment of individuals, the society soon degenerated into a club of criminals and bullies.

Shortly after the beginning of the Civil War in the United States a secret organization of the same name made its appearance in the coal and iron regions of Pennsylvania, and soon shared the fate of its Irish forerunner. It is probable that the "Mollies," in the society's earliest stages, were not devoted to criminal activities. Its constitution and by-laws embodied the most idealistic Christian sentiments, and the members were sworn to the highest moral behavior. Nevertheless, as the mining districts became more prosperous and crowded, due to the war, and the ranks of the Mollies grew, the society took on a more sinister aspect. It was soon wreaking vengeance on mine owners, superintendents, foremen, and any unfortunate Polish, Welsh, or German miner who happened to offend the sensibilities of a good Irishman. Assassination and the destruction of property became more and more frequent.

The power of the Mollies grew until, in the year 1873, several entire counties were domi-

nated by their rule. The population of these counties was largely Irish; and the Mollies, strongly intrenched in politics, held the rich mine owners and the poor miners alike completely in their power. Murders and other outrages were being committed with appalling frequency. The law was powerless. If suspects were arrested there were always witnesses forthcoming to swear to an outright alibi. No one dared to inform against a Molly—to do so would be to commit suicide. Besides, the various chapters exchanged members for criminal jobs, so that the assassin or incendiary would be a man unknown in the vicinity where the crime was committed.

At last the mine owners decided to fight. Angry at the inability of the local police to handle the situation, they sought the advice of Allan Pinkerton, of the Pinkerton Detective Agency. Pinkerton saw the necessity of getting to the heart of the matter, obtaining information as to the secret internal workings of the society. For this purpose it was essential to

send into the mining country a trustworthy and resourceful detective who would be able to ingratiate himself with the Mollies and become one of them. To find a man both willing and able to undertake this hazardous task was obviously difficult. He must be Irish and a Catholic, one who would be acceptable to the members of the society, but who, nevertheless, would not be influenced by racial or religious sympathy. Although it was true that the society had been denounced by the priests, it seemed a difficult matter to get the right man since, Irishman and Catholic, he must mingle fraternally with other Catholic Irishmen for the purpose of obtaining evidence which would certainly hang some of them.

Pinkerton finally chose James McParlan, twenty-eight, who had emigrated from Ireland six years previously. He was Catholic and typically Irish in appearance. His complexion was ruddy; he was sandy-haired, with gray eyes and regular features; and of middle height, slim but strong.

He had been a detective for little more than a year, but in that short time had become noticeable for his skill and perseverance, as well as for a peculiar tact and shrewdness which he possessed in a high degree. After a long talk in which Pinkerton explained the hazards, McParlan agreed to undertake the venture.

Certainly it demanded the greatest courage and the greatest ingenuity and resourcefulness. He was ordered to enter the haunts of the Molly Maguires, mingle with them, join their order, become possessed of their secrets, collect evidence which would secure the arrest and conviction of perpetrators of past murders, and give warnings that would enable the authorities to prevent the commission of new crimes. In short, he was to undermine the foundation of the Molly Maguire structure so successfully, yet so secretly, that it would be an easy matter for the authorities to break up the order and punish its members who were guilty of crime. He would have to encounter

the keenest suspicion. The slightest indiscretion, the merest accident, might betray his true character—and he knew that he could expect no mercy from the Mollies in case of discovery.

The task was one in which Vidocq, the first great detective, would have gloried, and McParlan's methods were much the same as those of the famous French police spy. Vidocq's work had been among the denizens of the underworld of Paris and his great asset was an intimate knowledge of the individuals of that world and their habits. McParlan's feat among the Molly Maguires could not have been performed except by a man whose knowledge of the Irish peasant was profound, who was near enough to him racially to play the part with conviction and plausibility.

McParlan was to furnish the Pinkertons with all the information he could get but was not to be compelled to testify in court. It was arranged that he should keep in constant communication with the Philadelphia office of the

agency, and it was to be given out that he had gone to England on business.

So McParlan prepared for the great adventure. He went unshaven for a week. He was clad in the nondescript costume of a workman-vagabond—a dirty and dilapidated slouch hat with plenty of space for his cutty-pipe in its narrow, faded band; a soiled, worn gray coat with an ancient black vest beneath; pantaloons of too large a size, the bottoms of them stuffed into coarse hobnailed boots. A red knitted comforter tied about his neck took the place of collar and cravat. He reverted to a richer brogue than his number of years in America would justify; and for name he adopted "James McKenna," which he used during the whole of his work in the mining country. One day James McParlan "went to England," and on the same day "James McKenna" came into existence.

Late in October, 1873, James McKenna arrived at the little mining town of Port Clinton, Pennsylvania. As a starter he was thrown

out of the tavern on suspicion that he was a tramp, and then given lodging for the night in a boarding house for workmen. Next morning he told his host he was a miner from Colorado in search of work, out to survey the prospects in Port Clinton. The place was overcrowded with workmen of all nationalities, and work was scarce. He heard no mention of the Molly Maguires.

Moving from town to town and picking up acquaintances and information where he could, McParlan began to develop the rôle of James McKenna, a typical devil-may-care Irishman, reckless, tippling, brawling, yet friendly and big-hearted. At a dozen little centers he visited the mines and workmen's taverns, keeping his eyes and ears open for information. He entertained the miners with colorful stories of his alleged experiences while mining in Colorado, or his still more thrilling adventures "in the navy" during the Civil War. He could dance a jig in a creditable manner, and he boasted a repertoire of Irish ballads. With these ac-

complishments and the virtue of being willing and able to stand treat, he wooed popularity and overcame suspicion.

But people were amazingly cautious where the Mollies were concerned, and it was long before McKenna heard so much as a mention of them. Once, however, he heard in a tavern a toast which aroused his curiosity. "Here's to the power that makes English landlords tremble!" shouted someone, and everybody drank with evident approval. McKenna stored the phrase in his memory, sensing that it had something to do with the Molly Maguires. Another time he mentioned to an acquaintance that he might go to seek work in Mahanoy City. The man replied that work was plentiful there and added:

"There's the ground where the boys are true!"

"Then that's where I want to work," said McKenna, and he was certain from the expression on the fellow's face that a different answer had been expected. He had a conviction that

the words were in some way connected with the mysterious order, and his suspicion was verified when he learned in conversation with a casual acquaintance that Mahanoy City and Shenandoah were the chief strongholds of the Mollies.

After the workmen were through for the day and had gone to their favorite bars, McKenna sauntered out in search of interesting contacts. If he heard a row or a bit of a shindy going on in a drinking place he would enter and make himself companionable—equally ready for a dance or a fight. In Pottsville a certain tavern, the Sheridan House, had been pointed out to him as a hang-out of the Mollies. As soon as possible the detective proceeded to explore it. He found it filled with Irishmen drinking and playing cards. He pretended to be slightly intoxicated, and obliged the company with an elaborate jig, the perfection of which moved the landlord to stand drinks all around. A ballad followed, with everyone joining in the chorus. A brawl

in which the detective was lucky enough to come off winner completed his conquest, and McKenna considered it a good time to try out his mysterious toast. As he had suspected, the words: "Here's to the power that makes English landlords tremble!" produced interesting results.

Pat Dormer, leviathan landlord of the Sheridan House, immediately invited McKenna into the back room, where he taxed him with being a member of the Molly Maguires, adding the information that he (Dormer) was an officer of the organization, high in authority. McKenna denied membership in the American society, but hinted that he had belonged back in the old country, and ingeniously turned the conversation another way to avoid embarrassingly definite questions. Dormer took McKenna's statement in good faith and introduced him to other Mollies. Though feeling uncomfortably sure that he could not get by if it should occur to any of them to question him closely, the detective succeeded in winning

their confidence. So cleverly did he work that they volunteered him a strong letter of recommendation to "Muff" Lawler, tavern-keeper, boss, and "Bodymaster in the Society of Molly Maguires," in Shenandoah. Lawler, he was told, could get him a job in the mines if anyone could. At the same time it was hinted that he was to be invited to join the order.

This was real progress, for Shenandoah was in the heart of the Molly-ridden territory, and McKenna felt that his three months in Pennsylvania had been well spent. Dormer and his friends accompanied him to the train and bade him an affectionate good-bye, making him promise to come back to Pottsville later.

The detective spent the remainder of the winter in Shenandoah, working twelve hours a day at hard labor in the mines when there was work to be had. An accident in which his hand was badly crushed laid him up for some weeks. These hardships, however, brought him in closer and more sympathetic touch with the miners. Lawler and some of the others accepted

him as an intimate friend, and in April his fondest hope was fulfilled: he was formally initiated and became a member of the order of Molly Maguires.

Considering the reputation of the members, the motto of the order which he had to repeat, kneeling, seemed the depth of cynical humor. "Friendship, unity, and true Christian charity" were the ideals invoked. Every meeting was opened with prayer. The initiate was sworn to strictest secrecy on all matters pertaining to the society. McKenna became a full-fledged member.

This great step forward was not accomplished without danger. Every new acquaintance McKenna made was a perilous risk. Several times his ignorance was on the point of being exposed by suspicious Mollies, and once he had to feign extreme drunkenness and pass out in order to get away from inconvenient questionings. Now, however, he was accepted. He learned the signs of recognition, passwords, responses, and toasts, all of which were changed

every three months. McKenna, far better educated than the majority of the Mollies, and possessing a naturally retentive memory, soon found himself better posted on these niceties than were many of his friends. There was now a good chance that he would be able to learn something of the perpetrators of several murders recently committed, for which no one had been apprehended. There had been four such cases in and near Shenandoah since the detective had taken up his residence there.

Friendship with Lawler and his gang involved strange duties and strange amusements. Dog fights and cock fights were eagerly attended, and McKenna grew so expert in the science of training gamecocks that he became chief trainer and manager for birds owned by Lawler. The birds were scientifically treated, and their diet and exercise as carefully looked after as though they were valuable race horses. Lawler's birds came off victorious in the contests, and McKenna gathered fame as a trainer. When Lawler accidentally shot himself with

his own revolver McKenna not only acted as nurse but helped Mrs. Lawler to tend the bar.

But there was a real necessity for McKenna to have a visible means of subsistence, for it must be apparent to all that he spent much more than he earned in his periods of work. So he threw out hints that he was engaged in the sale and distribution of counterfeit money. This explanation, and his further hints that he had killed a man and was hiding from the police, caused him to be looked up to as a thoroughly hard and desperate character—in short, an honest Molly.

One of his chief difficulties was encountered in writing and mailing his reports. Living in crowded boarding houses, he was obliged to take the most elaborate precautions—writing in his unheated room at dead of night, every crack and cranny carefully stuffed with clothing so that no one would notice his light burning, stealing out without his shoes to mail the letter at the post-office box. Often he found the ink in the bottle frozen hard. His supply of

postage stamps, which might arouse curiosity, he kept in the lining of his boot.

In July, 1874, after seven months of brilliant acting, James McKenna was officially invited to become Bodymaster of the Shenandoah Division, in Lawler's stead. As this was the highest position in the division, and carried full authority, he felt that to accept would not be wise. Declining, he was appointed secretary of the division. A very decent fellow named McAndrew was made bodymaster, and the two became great friends.

The situation throughout the coal region was now becoming more acute. A general shutdown in the mines had thrown thousands of men out of work and the idle workmen were in an increasingly ugly mood. Bloody fights were frequent between the German and Welsh miners on one side and the Irish on the other. There was talk within the society of doing away with certain obnoxious persons, and McKenna realized that he might at any time be called on by his bodymaster to take part in an

assassination. He determined, therefore, to convince the Mollies that he was not to be relied on fully, and to attain this end, managed to appear drunk most of the time. He might pretend to be more drunk than he was; even so, to play the part convincingly he was forced to consume a vast quantity of hard liquor.

His ruse had the desired effect on the Mollies, but his health suffered badly. The unwonted hardships of the previous winter had also told on him: he had grown thin and was racked by chills and fever. His hair fell out until he was entirely bald, and he replaced it with a wig of a color slightly redder than his own hair had been. The wig soon presented a tangled, unkempt appearance which did not add to the beauty of the shabby, patched Irishman. When he traveled from town to town he was often refused lodging in the local inn. Once he had to sleep on the deserted grounds of a fair, for no one would admit the tramplike figure to boarding house or tavern. Once a constable accused him of being a thief, and to keep up

his reputation for badness, McKenna had to thrash not only the constable but the constable's friends, who came to avenge him.

The Catholic Church was waging a reform war against the Mollies, and threatening to excommunicate them. But the Mollies grew daily bolder, and in November a series of atrocities began. A strike was declared and men who refused to stop work were beaten; their houses were burned. On November 18th more than a half dozen persons were murdered by Mollies in the counties which were the strongholds of the organization.

McKenna was able to do something toward preventing some of the proposed crimes of the Mollies, both by warning the intended victims and by helping to persuade the plotters of the inexpediency of their plans. When an atrocity was reported in a near-by town the detective always managed to get to the neighborhood of the crime quickly and use his trusted position in the organization to procure him inside information. The talk he heard in the inner

conclaves of the society was full of discussions of plans for burning bridges, destroying property, and even wrecking trains. McKenna then stole away to Philadelphia for a brief conference with the Pinkerton heads. The upshot of this was that additional detectives were sent to the points of greatest danger, to work with the police force of the mining interests. By this means many criminal prospects were foiled.

In May, McAndrew, the bodymaster of the division, left for Wilkesbarre, where he had got work; and McKenna was left in charge of the division. His situation was extremely embarrassing, especially as the members had been for some time demanding the murder of a Welshman who was accused of killing a Molly. They were no longer to be deprived of vengeance, and they demanded that McKenna appoint two assassins forthwith.

Vacillation was impossible, he must either do as they wished or be treated as a coward and an enemy of the order. Repeatedly promising to appoint the murderers, he just as often

gained more time by appearing to be in a drunken stupor when the time came to do business. Gomer James, the threatened Welshman, McKenna caused to be warned of his danger. The detective hoped that James would leave the neighborhood and thus avert the crisis, but the Welshman stood his ground. Things were at this point when McKenna was bidden to attend a meeting of the order at Mahanoy City, for the purpose of "discussing urgent business."

It was no less than an emergency conference for the murder of a certain man in Mahanoy City. McKenna was ordered to choose four or five men from the Shenandoah Division who could be trusted to see the matter through. When they returned to Shenandoah they found the town patrolled by large numbers of strange police whom the mine operators had brought in to protect the workmen and to foil the proposed murder. The detective was at his wit's end. He told the men he did not wish to be responsible for appointing anyone, and left it

to them. But volunteers arose, and started on foot in the pouring rain, over the mountains to Mahanoy City to do the job. McKenna accompanied them, still hoping to find a way to avert the tragedy. Arriving, drenched, they found Mahanoy City as full of special policemen as was Shenandoah.

This gave McKenna the desired cue, and he was able to persuade one of the men, and through him the others, that it would be foolhardy to attempt anything that night. They all walked peaceably back over the mountains, taking a short cut because of the terrible weather and losing themselves in a swamp. It was not altogether a misfortune that the night's exposure brought on a violent attack of McKenna's old illness. Before he was convalescent the bodymaster had returned and McKenna was no longer responsible for the division. While he was still weak and confined to the house the Mahanoy City man was shot. McKenna learned of the plan some hours before it was carried out, and also the names of those

who were to do the shooting, but he was unable to get a warning to the victim in time to prevent the deed.

On June 2d the striking miners organized a parade, or rather a mob, and compelled collieries which had begun work to shut down and the workers to return to their homes. At Mahanoy City the mob compelled the chief magistrate to release the prisoners from the jail. There were many fights, and heads were broken by the rioters; several people were shot but no one was killed. McKenna, of course, took part in the parade. If the day had ended in a serious battle between the rioters and the police he would have been fired upon as a Molly.

At Tamaqua a policeman was killed and McKenna went to that town to investigate. By fraternizing with the Mollies of the Tamaqua Division he was able to learn, with the exercise of great ingenuity and patience, the names of the murderers and all the circumstances of the crime. It had been committed by two men from

Summit Hill, and in return the Tamaqua Division had promised men for a murder job which the Summit Hill Division had planned. Later he obtained an admission from the murderer himself.

Work then started in some of the collieries and on Saturday, August 14, 1875, the miners in the Mahanoy Valley received their first pay of any consequence since the beginning of the strike. There were a great many intoxicated men in the streets, most of them armed and turbulent, and a justice of the peace was murdered because he had just issued a warrant for the arrest of two men for disorderly conduct. Gomer James, the Welshman who had refused to leave the place although he had been repeatedly warned, was at last shot and killed. An innocent bystander was killed by a stray shot fired in a street brawl. Numerous minor casualties were reported.

McKenna learned that Gomer James had been killed by a Shenandoah Molly named Hurley. The killer of the justice of the peace

was known but had escaped. At a convention of the order on the 25th of August Hurley not only boasted openly of his deed, but put before the order a demand for a money reward for his service. It was the general impression of the members that the killer deserved to be paid, but it is not certain that the payment was actually made, though such payments took place in other instances.

At another meeting McKenna learned of four proposed murders, which were to be carried out by various neighboring divisions. There was no chance of warning each victim, so he wrote to the Pinkerton office information to be forwarded from there. He did not feel very hopeful of being able to save the men, however, once the Mollies desired their death. And on the first of September a double murder was committed by a gang of five Mollies. McKenna soon heard the story of the shooting from the murderers themselves.

It was then rumored that the citizens were forming a vigilance committee to put a stop to

this reign of terror. McKenna thought ruefully that he would not long survive the day when such a band should be formed. The Mollies swore that it would mean war to the death. The detective was looked upon by the citizens as a Molly as bad as the worst; he was constantly seen with men known to be murderers. McKenna knew he would stand small chance of escaping with his life between the two factions. In fact, he was warned that it was openly said that he would be one of the first to receive the attentions of the vigilantes.

At length, lists of members of the society furnished by McKenna to his employers were published in the newspapers. The Mollies now knew there was a traitor among them. But McKenna for almost two years had gone unsuspected.

Still another murder was committed by Mollies, and this time the assassins were tracked down and arrested. They confidently expected to prove alibis, but the authorities were in possession of too much evidence. The men were

tried and sentenced to death. One of them turned state's evidence. Consternation seized the Mollies; they believed the state could not have convicted the murderers without extremely confidential information from someone on the inside. They doubted that their man would have betrayed them if he had not been convinced that the game was up.

At this critical moment a rumor got into circulation—source unknown—which definitely accused McKenna of being a detective. This was a blow, for it would mean the end of his work, even if he escaped with his life. He had hoped for a little more time to perfect the evidence against the Mollies, which was then being laid before the district attorney. There was just the merest chance that he might brazen it out. He persuaded them to call a meeting of bodymasters to give him a chance to clear himself. But the meeting never took place; it was probably a blind to keep the detective in the neighborhood until the Mollies could accomplish his death.

McKenna foiled several attempts to kill him by the simple expedient of changing his habits, never appearing where he was expected to be at the time his enemies expected to find him there. But he was a marked man. It was only the trusting friendship of McAndrew, bodymaster of McKenna's division, that saved him. He told McKenna definitely that the men were determined to kill him, and that he (McAndrew) had refused to help them. And this, of course, ended the usefulness of the rôle of McKenna. Thanking his stars that he traveled in a seat instead of a coffin, the detective slipped away and caught a train for Philadelphia. That wild Irishman Jim McKenna vanished into the air.

But the evidence was now complete. During 1876–1877 many of the guilty Mollies were arrested and tried for their crimes. Those who had murdered were convicted and sentenced. Others, who had been guilty of perjury at various trials, were convicted and imprisoned. Although it had been agreed that McParlan

need not testify in court unless he wished, he consented to do so, since his testimony was of crucial importance.

It had taken three years of grilling work to build up the mass of information and to record the evidence necessary to bring these murderers to justice. For McParlan they were three years of terrible hardships. His health had been wrecked by constant exposure to all weathers and by the vast quantities of hard liquor he had been forced to consume in standing treat to the Mollies. The constant anxiety of those years, without a day's relaxed vigilance, was alone enough to shatter a strong constitution. Though his health later improved, he never recovered it fully. To the last of his days, said those who knew him, McParlan never could forget his gruelling experiences. Psychologically and physically, the detective was a changed man. But he had achieved through his work one of the greatest of individual feats in the annals of crime detection.